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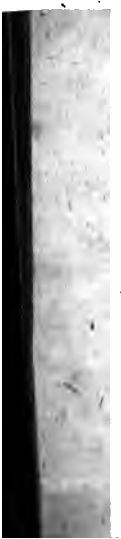

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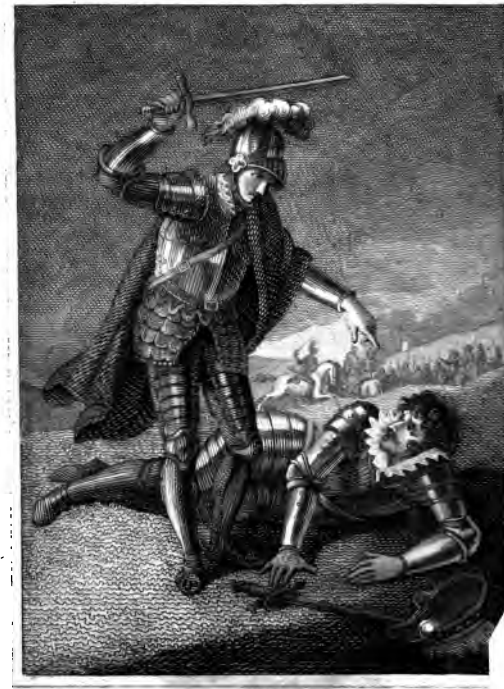

King Richard III.

Act V. Scene IV.

THE

PLAYS

OF

VILLIAM SHAKSPEAR.

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S

LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION

OF

HE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XII.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD III.

LEIPSICK:

FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER

1808.

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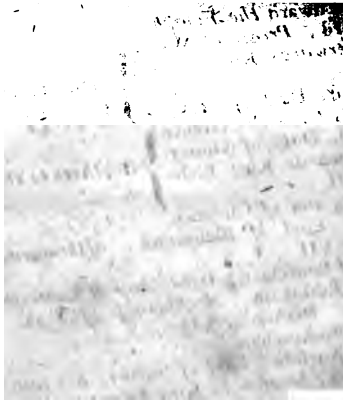
ING RICHARD III.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Edward *the Fourth.*

Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Edward V. } *Sons to the King.*

Richard, *Duke of* York,

George, *Duke of* Clarence, } *Brothers to the King.*

Richard, *Duke of* Gloster, *afterwards* King Richard III.

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.

Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.

Thomas Rotheram, *Archbishop of* York. John Morton, *Bishop of* Ely.

uke of Buckingham.

uke of Norfolk: *Earl of* Surrey, *his son.*

rl Rivers, *brother to* King Edward's *Queen:*

rquiss of Dorset, *and* Lord Grey, *her sons.*

l of Oxford. *Lord* Hastings. *Lord* Stanley.

ord Lovel.

r Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.

William Catesby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.

mes Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.

bert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.

pher Urswick, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

Mayor of London. *Sheriff* of Wiltshire.

, Queen of King Edward IV.

widow of King Henry VI.

Duchess of York, *mother to* King Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Gloster.

Lady Anne, *widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *son to* King Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloster.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, — *that am not shap'd* for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, *that am rudely* stamp'd, and want love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; —
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, — since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days, —
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says — that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarenc
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is — George.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers: —
O, belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross row plucks the letter G,
And says — a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women: —
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what, — I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me!
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? and please your Worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: — We say, the King
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: —
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave: — Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your Grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the King;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in, —
Were it, to call King Edward's widow — sister, —
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you;
Mean time, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce; farewell.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! — I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord!
Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home; —
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter;
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is — *to become* her husband, and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load, —
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, —
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. —
Poor key-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes: —
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1. *Gent.* My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

y saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
urn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*
s. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
blame you not; for you are mortal,
ortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
, thou dreadful minister of hell!
ad'st but power over his mortal body,
l thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
s. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
ou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
delight to view thy heinous deeds,
this pattern of thy butcheries: —
ntlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
heir congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh! —
blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
thy presence that exhales this blood
cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
ed, inhuman, and unnatural,
s this deluge most unnatural. —
, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
rth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
dost swallow up this good King's blood,
his hell govern'd arm hath butchered!
Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for
ings.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of
nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of
Glo. But I know none, and therefore a
beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the t
Glo. More wonderful, when angels a
angry. —
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne, Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a m
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, le
have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse mys
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou s
excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Why then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by the
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Ed
hand.
Anne. *In thy soul's throat thou lies*
Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bedchamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so. — But gentle Lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method; —
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As *blameful* as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one in nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, —
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks* scornfully *at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was
For kissing, Lady, not for such contem
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed
Which if thou please to hide in this true
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my kne
[*He lays his breast open; she*
it with his sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabl
Edward; —
[*She again offers at h*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me
[*She lets fall t*
Take up the sword again, or take up m
Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I
death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, an
do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the wor
This hand, which, for thy love, did
love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer lov
To both their deaths shalt thou be access
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in
My tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then man
Was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know
Hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men,
I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
[*She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears, —
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, Tressel, *and* Berkl
Glo. Take up the corse, Sirs.
Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble Lord?
Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the co*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, — but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his fatl
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars aga me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothi
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three moi since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovlier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, ri royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sw Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, Madam; there's no doubt, his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

› be your comforter, when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minori
put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded y
ut so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Gr
Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as
have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good
Lord of Stanley,
o your good prayer will scarcely say — am
et, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wif
nd loves not me, be you, good Lord, assu
hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
he envious slanders of her false accusers;
r, if she be accus'd on true report,
ear with her weakness, which, I think
ceeds
rom wayward sickness, and no grounded
Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, m
of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the Duke of Buck
and I,
re come from visiting his Majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his am
Lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his Gr
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, Madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well! — But that will never be; —
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it: —
Who are they, that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal Grace, —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,

you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
. *Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
King, of his own royal disposition,
not provok'd by any suitor else;
ing, belike, at your interior hatred,
t in your outward action shows itself,
inst my children, brothers, and myself,
es him to send; that thereby he may gather
ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
lo. I cannot tell; — The world is grown so bad,
t wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
e every Jack became a gentleman,
re's many a gentle person made a Jack.
. *Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
envy my advancement, and my friends;
grant, we never may have need of you!
lo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
brother is imprison'd by your means,
elf disgrac'd, and the nobility
l in contempt; while great promotions
daily given, to enoble those
t scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
. *Eliz.* By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
n that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
ver did incense his Majesty
nst the Duke of Clarence, but have been
earnest advocate to plead for him.
Lord, you do me shameful injury,
ly, to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my Lord; for ——
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers? — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a King,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
had rather be a country servant-maid,
han a great Queen, with this condition —
o be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
nall joy have I in being England's Queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
lo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
him, and spare not; look, what I have said
avouch in presence of the King:
adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you: — Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, — Which Jesu pardon! —
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up;
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodaemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Glo. If I should be? — I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. —
[*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me, —
And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee, —
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland; —
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophecy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me.
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven? —
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —
Though not by war, by surfeit die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!—
Rivers, — and Dorset, — you were standers by, —
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, — when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-*mark'd*, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in — Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:
serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them:
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; — learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; — alas! alas! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest: —
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame, —
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of You to God's!
[*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains; —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd; —
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.
[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,—
And for your Grace, — and you, my noble Lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come: — Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness, —
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them — 'tis the Queen and her allies,
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But *then I sigh, and*, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy wr
And seem a saint, when most I play the dev

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners. —
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mate
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
1. *Murd.* We are, my Lord; and come t
the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here
me: [*Gives the wa*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-pla
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark
1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my Lord, we w
stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongu
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when
eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; — about your business st
Go, go, despatch.
1. *Murd.* We will, my noble Lord. [*E*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Towe

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable nig

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kindom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud, —
Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear your tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things, —
That now give evidence against my soul, —
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me! —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou will be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children! —
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. —

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good rest! —

[Clarence *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, Sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious: —

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* Brakenbury, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys; — there sits the Duke asleep:
I'll to the King; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, Sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgement day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgement, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* No to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pry'thee, stay a little; I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *Murd.* In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1. *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* *Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.*

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to, —

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men?
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

2. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest. — Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? —
Ah, Sirs, consider he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. —
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now, —
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, —
Would not entreat for life? —
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A *begging Prince* what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my Lord.
1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this v
not do, [*Stabs h*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the bo*
2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately d
patch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hand
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, t
thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the Duke shall know how slack y
have been.
2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sa
his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [*Ex*
1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as th
art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.
[*Ex*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (*led in sick,*) *Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so: — now have I done a good day's work: —
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your King;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart:

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this, —
Nor your son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; — I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him, — Hastings, love lord Marquis.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I. [*embraces* Dorset.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wifes allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, [*to the* Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, &c.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign King, and Queen;

And, princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign Liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; —
Of you, Lord Rivers, — and Lord Grey, of you, —
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holyday shall this be kept hereafter: —
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded. —
My sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love f
this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all star*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! wh
knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as th
rest?

Dor. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in th
presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order wa
revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first orde
died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried: —
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my Sovereign, for my servic
done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full o
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your High

K. *Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou
réquest'st.
tan. The forfeit, Sovereign, of my servant's
life;
o slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
ly attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my bro-
ther's death,
l shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
yet his punishment was bitter death.
› sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
el'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
› spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
› told me, how the poor soul did forsake
mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
› told me, in the field at Tewkshury,
n Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
said, *Dear brother, live, and be a King?*
› told me, when we both lay in the field,
en almost to death, how he did lap me
in his garments; and did give himself,
thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
this from my remembrance brutish wrath
ılly pluck'd, and not a man of you
ap much grace to put it in my mind.
when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
precious image of our dear Redeemer,
straight are on your knees for pardon, par-
don;
I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
for my brother, not a man would speak, —
I *(ungracious)* speak unto myself
im, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
been beholden to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his l
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and your
this. —
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. (
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, R
DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! —
you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Cl
death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King:
God will revenge it. Come, Lords; will y
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [E

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Duchess of York, *with a sc*
daughter of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our
dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? an
your breast;
And cry, *O* Clarence, *my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shak
head,
And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-awa
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The King my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS, *and* DORSET, *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(*Thine being* but a moiety of my grief,)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss,
Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they: —
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd — ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edwards grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace: — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing, [Aside.
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other, in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son,
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding reign,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us:
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. *And so say I.*

Glo. *Then be it so;* and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam, — and you my mother, — will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes; the King's dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, Masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the Queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst; all will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* Elizabeth, *and the Duchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young Cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith', 'good faith', the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee;
He was the wretch'dst thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious,
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
What news?
Mes. Such news, my Lord,
As grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?
Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house:
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne;—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss;
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:— O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go. *to the Queen.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* Bourchier, *and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, t
your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' So
vereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the wa
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of you
years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God h
knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such fals
friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends; bu
they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the mayor of London comes t
greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your Grace with health a
happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord; — and thank you all. —
[*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.
thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Vould long ere this have met us on the way: —
ie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not.
'o tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: What, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
he Queen your mother, and your brother York,
[ave taken sanctuary: The tender Prince
Vould fain have come with me to meet your Grace.
ut by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
this of hers? — Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
'ersuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Into his princely brother presently?
f she deny, — Lord Hastings, go with him,
nd from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
an from his mother win the Duke of York,
nnon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
'o mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
Ve should infringe the holy privilege
f blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
'ould I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord,

Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* Hastings.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame though not in life. —
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord
York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my Lo
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you, that
Glo. He may command me, as my Sovereig
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me t
dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all
heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know w
give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to gi
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give
cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough
York. O then, I see, you'll part but with lig
gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to we
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, litt
Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as y
call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little

Prince. My lord of York will still' be cross in talk; —
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me: —
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My gracious Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother: to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My lord Protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, Sir, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope,
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, *and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a p
boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. —
Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art swor
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the wa
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matte
To make William lord Hastings of our mi
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so lov
Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against hi
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley
not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings d
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go,
Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord H
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaso
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tel
Catesby.

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; — somewhat we will do: —
And, look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord, — [knocking.

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.
Hast. [*within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?
Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then, —
Mes. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had raz'd off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His Honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams — I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good Lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side.
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cate. The Princes both make high account of you, —
For they account his head upon the bridge.
[*Aside.*
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow, Catesby:
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. — Wot you what, my Lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your Honour. [*Exit* PURSUIVANT.

Enter a Priest,

Pr. Well met, my Lord; I am glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this, —
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Richard: — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons; —
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expirate!
Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan, — let us here embrace;
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others: sitting at a table: Officiers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is — to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts, —
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine: —
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time;
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. And you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part, —
I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well. —
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart. [*Exit* ELY.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, ere give consent;
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord Protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit,
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord, —
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? — Thou art a traitor: —
Off with his head: — now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done; —
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.
Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, *Margaret*, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophecy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

In-

Glo. [illegible] along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. — Lord Mayor, —

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum,

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *with* Hastings's *head.*

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife, —
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered traitor
That ever liv'd. — Look you, my Lord Mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

But, my good Lord, your Grace's word
shall serve,
as I had seen, and heard him speak:
not doubt, right noble Princes both,
icquaint our duteous citizens
your just proceedings in this case.
And to that end we wish'd your Lordship
here,
l the censures of the carping world.
But since you came too late of our intent,
ss what you hear we did intend:
my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.
ro, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
yor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post: —
t your meetest vantage of the time,
bastardy of Edward's children:
n, how Edward put to death a citizen,
saying — he would make his son
he crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
by the sign thereof, was termed so.
', urge his hateful luxury,
ial appetite in change of lust;
retch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,
ere his raging eye, or savage heart,
control, listed to make his prey.
a need, thus far come near my per-
son: —
n, when that my mother went with
child
atiate Edward, noble York,
dy father, then had wars in France;
just computation of the time,
at the issue was not his begot;

Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my Lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw, —
Go thou [*to* CAT.] to frian Penker; — bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
rk how well the sequel hangs together: —
ours I have spent to write it over.
ernight by Catesby was it sent me?
dent was full as long a doing:
within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
l, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
good world the while! — Who is so gross,
not see this palpable device?
so bold, but says — he sees it not?
e world; and all will come to nought,
ch bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

same. Court of Baynard's *Castle.*

GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

How now, how now? what say the citizens?
Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
ens are mum, say not a word.
Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
contract by deputy in France;
iate greediness of his desires,
enforcement of the city wives;
ny for trifles; his own bastardy, —
got, your father then in France;
resemblance, being not like the Duke.
I did infer your lineaments, —
right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry — *God save Richard, England's royal King!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, — the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again; —
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save King Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few, —
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?

not the Mayor then, and his brethren, come?
ck. The Mayor is here at hand; Intend some fear;
ot you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
stand between two churchmen, good my Lord;
on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
be not easily won to our requests;
the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
lo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
can say nay to thee for myself,
loubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
ck. Go, go, up to the leads; the Lor Mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

r the Lord Mayor, *Aldermen, and Citizens.*

come, my Lord: I dance attendance here:
nk, the Duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

, Catesby? what says your Lord to my request?
te. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
visit him to-morrow, or next day:
s within, with two right reverend fathers,
nely bent to meditation;
in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
draw him from his holy exercise.
ck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;

Tell him; myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ah, my Lord, this Prince is not an
Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again; —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his Grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men

Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery, above, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

May. See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord; Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer, — you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, — to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last, —
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness, —
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, —
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars, —
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;
ut the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
ll circumstances well considered.
u say, that Edward is your brother's son;
say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
r first he was contract to lady Lucy,
ir mother lives a witness to his vow;
l afterwards by substitute betroth'd
Bona, sister to the King of France.
se both put by, a poor petitioner,
re-craz'd mother to a many sons,
iuty-waning and distressed widow,
in the afternoon of her best days,
prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call —
Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my Lord; your citizens en
you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this pro
love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their la
suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those
on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty: —
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;

well, call them again; I am not made of stone
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Exit* CATESBY
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, — and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bless your Grace! we

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let's to our holy work again: —
[*To the Bish. upon*
Farewell, good cousin; — farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Duchess of* York, *and Marquis of* DORSET; *on the other*, Anne *Duchess of* Gloster, *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here? — My niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince. —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York;

Brak. Right well, dear Madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strickly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair Queens. —
Come, Madam, you must straight to Westminster.
[*To the* Duchess of Gloster.
There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing
Dor. Be of good cheer: — Mother, how
your Grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get
gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children;
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughterhou
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curs
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Qu
Stan. Full of wise care is this your cou
Madam: —
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersed wind of misery! —
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, Madam, come; I in all h
was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say — God save the Quee
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not
glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to my car as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — *Be thou,* quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear Lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! — [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! —
[*To* ANNE.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
[*To Queen* ELIZABETH.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower. —
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender Princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, *as King upon his throne;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham, —

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand: Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: —
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed: —
Young Edward lives; — Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live, — true, noble Prince! —
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your Grace immediately.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [*descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes: —
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. —
Boy, —

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is — Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him hither, boy. —

[*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? — well, be it so. —

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving Lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: —

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. —
Look, how thou dream'st! — I say again, give out,
That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me. — [*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass: —
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name — Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token: — Rise, and lend an ear: [*Whispers*

There is no more but so: say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: Well look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the sixth
Did prophecy, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
Ah King! — perhaps —

Buck. My Lord, —

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the earldom, —

K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My Lord, —

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your Grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Exeunt King RICHARD *and Train.*

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O, *let me* think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TERREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody fact is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost changed my mind;*
But, O, the devil, — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on, — *we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes: — All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheriter of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My Lord, —

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my Lord: Morton is *fled* to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Ric. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, — I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay:
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!
Go, muster men: My council is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes?
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: —
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richmond kill'd him:
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death.
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work:
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophecy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted Queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God sav
Queen?
Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd t
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, on that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sue
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me; now scorn'd of
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou we
To torture thee the more, being what thou a
Thou did'st usurp my place, And dost thou n
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd y
From which even here I slip my wearied hea
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, — and Queen of
mischance, —
These English woes shall make me smile in Fra
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, sta
while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and
the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they w
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken
with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[*Exit Queen* MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum within.*

I hear his drum, — be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done,

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*]
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

T

The age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say Amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a wor
with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons, of the roya
blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd — Eliza
beth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let he
live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of roya
blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say — she i
not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her bro
thers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars wer
opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends wer
contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace make
destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain m
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, their to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to my child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her Queen; Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it, Madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, — as sometime Margaret

lid to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
he purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
nd bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
this inducement move her not to love,
end her a letter of thy noble deeds;
ell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
er uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
lad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne,

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
'o win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
nless thou could'st put on some other shape,
nd not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
f I did take the kingdom from your sons,
'o make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
f I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
'o quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, — save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but — a son being King,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter, — wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset — brother;
Again shall you be mother to a King,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?

nder what title shall I woo for thee,
hat God, the law, my honour, and her love,
an make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair lifes end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead; —
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear,

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world, —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death, —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself, —

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God, —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the King thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by *him*,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What can'st thou swear by now?
K. Rich. By the time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this;
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit Q.* ELIZABETH
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing — woman
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the west coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend pos
Duke of Norfol'

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cate. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st hither, — Dull unmindful villain, [*To* CATESBY.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cate. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; — Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and he the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's King, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty Liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north?

When they should serve their Sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, Sir.

Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mes.* In Kent, my Liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3. *Mes.* My Lord, the army of great Buckingham —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mes.* The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, — that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4. *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness, —
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost: —
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; — the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* Christopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: —
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Gives papers to Sir* Christopher.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good Lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even

Even for revenge mock my destruction! —
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my Lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in King Edwards time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs,
That high All-seer which I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck, —
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess. —
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Sir* James BLUNT, *Sir* Walter HERBERT, *and Others, with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land.
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, — this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the down of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth *Field.*

Enter King RICHARD, *and forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field. —
My Lord of Surrey, why look ye so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where, to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want. —
Up *with the tent.* — Come, noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground; —
Call for some men of sound direction: —

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* William BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other lords. Some of the soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —
Give me some ink and paper in my tent; —
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon, —
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment; —
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent: —
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, Gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my Lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my Liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff, —
Rat. My Lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch. —
[*To* CATESBY.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
So, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me. —— Leave me, I say.

[*King* RICHARD *retires into his tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

Richmond's *Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers*, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war;
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: — Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. *with* STANLEY.

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down wit a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement.
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!
[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of Prince* Edward, *son to* Henry *the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King* Richard.
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die! —
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of King* Henry *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To King* Richard.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die! —
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror.
[*To* Richmond.
Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost *of* Clarence *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To King Richard.
I, *that* was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To King* RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To King* RICHARD.
Vaug. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!
[*To King* RICHARD.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[*To* RICHMOND.
Will conquer him; — awake, and win the day!

The GHOST *of* Hastings *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King* RICHARD.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[To RICHMOND.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young Princes rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weih thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die. —
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of Queen* Anne *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair and die! —
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost *of* Buckingham *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To King* RICHARD.
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! —
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* *King* RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*
K. Rich. Give me another horse, — bind up my wounds, —
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft; I did but dream. —
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! —
The lights burn blue, — It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; — Yes; I am:
Then fly, — What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: — Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, — Guilty! guilty!

shall despair. — There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me: —
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord: 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream! —
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my Lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King* RICHARD and RATCLIFF.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. Cry mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had; my Lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd — On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction. —
[*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; Yet remember this, —
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, Gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willings swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. —
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on him, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; — Comparison my horse; —
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power; —
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and saint George to boot! — What think'st thou Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign. —
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scrow*

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
[*read*
For Dickon thy master is bough and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, Gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. —
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

L

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, by their dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! —

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.
[*Exeu*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *a forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, resc
rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom
a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you t
horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon
cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him: —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeu*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all! —
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walther Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red: —
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —

What traitor hears me, and says not,
England hath long been mad, and scar
The brother blindly shed the brother's
The father rashly slaughter'd his own
The son, compell'd, been butcher to
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division. —
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal hou
By God's fair ordinance conjoin togethe
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will
Enrich the time to come with smooth-
With smiling plenty, and fair prospero
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious L
That would reduce these bloody days
And make poor England weep in strean
Let them not live to taste this land's i
That would with treason wound this
peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace
That she may long live here, God say

A

SELECTION

OF THE

MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS

TO THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME XII.

NOTES TO

NG RICHARD III.

tragedy, though it is called the Life and
of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the
ht years of his time; for it opens with
Duke of Clarence being clapped up in the
; which happened in the beginning of the
77; and closes with the death of Richard
orth field, which battle was fought on the
August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

pears that several dramas on the present
had been written before Shakspeare at-
it. See the notes at the conclusion of this
which was first entered at Stationers' Hall
rew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title
Tragedie of King Richard the Third,
e Death of the Duke of Clarence. Be-
, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A*
l report of King Richard the Third, a

It may be necessary to remark that the
song, ballad, book, enterlude and *play,*
ten synonymously used. STEEVENS.

play was written, I imagine, in the same
which it was first printed, — 1597. The
of King Richard III. by Francis Sea-
s printed in the first edition of The Mir-
Magistrates, 1559, and in that of 1575,

and 1537, but Shakspeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old. *Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed;) for the second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477–8.

It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian historians without any foundation.) that "it appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the publick view in St. Paul's for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence." MALONE.

Page 5, line 7. 8. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;

Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which *was a sun*, in memory of the three suns, which

are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's cross. Such phaenomena, if we may believe tradition, were formerly not uncommon. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 15. A *measure* was, strickly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 18. — instead of *mounting barbed steeds,* } i. e. steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 20. He *capers* —] War *capers.* This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedant is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 5. Cheated of feature by *dissembling* nature,] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson hath certainly mistaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained the word *dissembling;* as is evident from the following extract; "Whyle things stoode in this case, and that the manner of addyng was sometime too short and sometime too long, els *dissembled* and let slip together." *Arthur Golding's* translation of *Julius Solinus,* 1587. HENLEY.

P. 6, l. 11. *Descant* is a term in musick, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein *one part is* broken and formed into a kind of *paraphrase on* the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea

of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned. SIR J. HAWKINS.

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to musick. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 12–15. *And therefore, — since I cannot prove a lover*, &c.] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 13. To entertain these fair well spoken *days*, —] I am strongly inclined to think that the poet wrote — these fair well spoken *dames*, and that the word *days* was caught by the compositor's eye glancing on a subsequent line. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 15. *And* hate *the idle pleasures* —] Perhaps we might read:

And bate *the idle pleasures* — JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 16. — inductions dangerous,] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 20. — *if King Edward be as true and just*,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

P. 7, l. 16. — *toys* —] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

P. 7, last lines. Glo. *Humbly complaining to her deity*

Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.] I think these two lines might be better given *Clarence*. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 4. *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,*] That is, the Queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 16. *Well* struck *in years;*] This odd expression in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a similar kind.

"*Well* shot *in years he seem'd,*" &c. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has observed in his Essay on *The Faery Queen*, by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

P. 9, first l. We are the Queen's *abjects,*] That is, not the Queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. JOHNSON.

I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation. Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. The Queen's *abjects*, means the most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands; which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her. M. MASON.

This substantive was not of Shakspeare's formation. We meet with it in the 35th Psalm, v. 15, "— yea the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not." STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 5. *Were it, to call King Edward's widow — sister,* —] This *a very* covert and subtle manner of insinuating

treason. The natural expression would
were it to call King Edward's wife,
will solicit for you, though it should
expence of so much degradation and con
to own the low-born wife of King Edw
sister. But by slipping, as it were casu
dow, into the place of *wife*, he tempt
with an oblique proposal to kill the Kin

King Edward's widow is, I believe
expression of contempt, meaning the *wi*
whom Edward had chosen for his Queen
has already called her, *the jealous*
widow. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 14. 15. *Mean time, have*
Clar. *I must perforce;*] Alludi
proverb, "Patience perforce, is a medi
mad dog." STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 5. More pity, that the ea
be *mew'd*,] A
the place of confinement where a hawk
till he had moulted. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 18. *Obsequious*, in this
means *funereal*. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 20. — *key-cold* figure —
on account of the coldness of the metal
it is composed, was anciently employe
any slight bleeding. The epithet is co
many old writers. STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 10. And that be heir to h
piness!] i. e
tion to mischief. MALONE.

P. 13, l. 17. *Pattern is instance*, or

P. 13, l. 18. 19. — *dead Henry's wounds*
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh! — It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby; that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.
JOHNSON.

Mr. Tollet observes that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.
See also *Demonologie*, 4to. 1603, p. 79.
REED.

P. 14, l. 14. — *diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth;* such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular.* STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 5. That laid their *guilt* —] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband upon Edward.
JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 10. *I grant* ye.] Read, to perfect the measure:
I grant ye, yea. RITSON.

P. 16, l. 25. 26. *Some dungeon.*
Your bedchamber.] As most of the measure throughout this scene is regular, I cannot help suspecting that our author originally wrote:
Some dungeon, perhaps.
Your bedchamber. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 33. And fall somewhat into a *slower* method; —] As *quick* was used for *spritely*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene Lord Grey desires the Queen to

—— cheer his Grace with *quick* and merry words. STEEVENS.

P. 16, first l. *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:

Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd the *effect*. WARBURTON.

I cannot but be rather of Sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line. JOHNSON.

I believe the obvious sense is the true one. STEEVENS.

Our author, I think, in another place uses *effect*, for *efficient* cause. MALONE.

P. 17, l. 10. *'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!*] "Among the serpents the *Basiliske* doth infecte and kill people with his looke." *Summary of Secret Wonders*, &c. bl. l. by John Alday, no date. STEEVENS.

In Cornucopia, &c. 1596, Sig. B 4: "The eye of the *Basiliske* is so odious to man, that it sleeth *man before* he come nere him, even by looking *upon him*." REED.

P. 17, l. 14. — *they kill me with a* living *death.*] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:

"——*a* living death *I bear,*
"*Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.*" JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 18-31. *These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,* — &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 12. *But 'twas thy beauty, that provoked me.*] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.

P. 19, l. 22. *Crosby-place:*] A house in Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the Duke of Gloster. JOHNSON.

Crosby-place is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This magnificent house was built in the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient Hall of this fabrick is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and incumbered by modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Anti-momians, &c. The upper part of it is now the warehouse of an eminent Packer.

Sir John Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of *St. Helen* the Great. STEEVENS.

P. 20, first l. Cibber, who altered K. *Richard III.* for the stage, was so thoroughly con-

vinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 21–24. *Hath she forgot already*
that brave Prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three
months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?] Here we have exact time of this scene ascertained, namely August 1471. King Edward however is in the second act introduced dying. That King died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477–8.

MALONE.

P. 20, l. 26. Fram'd *in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood.

WARBURTON.

P. 20, l. 27. *Young, valiant, wise, and,*
no doubt, right royal,] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should read:

and, no doubt, right loyal.

That is, *true to her bed.* He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was *young, wise, and valiant*: these were apparent to

and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt, right* loyal.

JOHNSON.

Richard is not speaking of King Henry, but of Edward his son, whom he means to represent as *full of all the noble properties of a King. No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

P. 20, last l. — a *beggarly* denier,] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar.

STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 3. — a *marvellous proper* man.] *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handsome*. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 6. It is *determin'd*, not *concluded* yet:] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. WARBURTON.

P. 22, l. 10. — *Stanley*.] Old copies — *Derby*. This is a blunder of inadvertance, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakspeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called Derby, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the fourth's household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the seventh, and *accordingly*, afterwards, in the fourth and *fifth acts of* this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stan-

ley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title. THEOBALD.

P. 22, l. 14. *The Countess Richmond,*] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII. she married first *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey Duke of Buckingham.* MALONE.

P. 23, l. 7. —— *to* warn *them*—i. e. to *summon.* STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 18–20. *Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,*
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,] An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never failing topic of invective. STEEVENS.

P. 24, first l. — *lewd* complaints.] *Lewd,* in the present instance, signifies *rude, ignorant;* from the Anglo-Saxon *Laewede,* a *Laick.* Chaucer often uses the word *lewd,* both for a *laick* and an *ignorant* person. See Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Aeneid. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 15. *Since every Jack became a gentleman,* &c.] This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the *origin* of the term *Jack* so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of *people,* amongst whom this name is of the most *common* and familiar kind. DOUCE.

P. 26, first l. — *my pains* —] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

P. 26, l. 2. *Out, devil!*] Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 11. To *royalize* —] i. e. to make royal. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 17–19. —— *Was not your husband*
In Margaret's battle at saint Albans
slain?] It is said in *Henry VI.* that he died *in quarrel of the house of York.* JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one.
MALONE.

Margaret's *battle* is — Margaret's *army.*
RITSON.

P. 27, l. 20. *Hear me, you wrangling pirates,*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions. WARBURTON.

Surely, the merits of this scene are insufficient to excuse improbability. Margaret, bullying the court of England in the royal palace, is a circumstance as absurd as the courtship of Gloster in a publick street. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 21. — which you have *pill'd* from me:] To *pill* is to pillage. STEEVENS.

To *pill* is literally, to take off the outside or rind. Thus they say in Devonshire, to pill an apple, rather than *pare* it; and Shirley uses the word precisely in this sense. HENLEY.

P. 27, l. 27. — *gentle villain*,] We should read:

——ungentle *villain*,—— WARBURTON.

The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

Since every Jack is made a gentleman,
There's many a gentle *person made a Jack.*

JOHNSON.

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically.

M. MASON.

P. 27, l. 28. — *what* mak'st *thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for — *what* dost *thou in my sight*.

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 33. *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The *present* scene is in 1477-8. MALONE.

P. 28, l. 13. To *plague*, in ancient language, *is to punish*. Hence the scriptural term — "the *plagues* of Egypt." STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 21. *Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.*] Alluding to a scene in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?" STEEVENS.

P. 28, last but one l. — *by surfeit die your King;*] Alluding to his [illegible]us life. JOHNSON.

P. 29, last but one l. — *elvish-mark'd,*] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. STEEVENS.

P. 29, last but one l. — *abortive, rooting hog!*] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON.

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. JOHNSON.

In *The Mirror for Magistrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime:*

For where I meant the King by name of hog,
I only alluded to his badge the bore:
To Lovel's name I added more, — our dog;
Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.
These metaphors I us'd with other more,
As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,
To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest.

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568:

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
"Fetie *lovell my hounde*, and my [redacted] blowe."

The rhime for which Collingbourne suffered, was:

"A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
"Rule all England under a hog."

STEEVENS.

The rhime of Collingbourne is thus preserved in Heywood's History of Edward IV. P. II:

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
"Doe rule all England under a hog.
"The crooke backt boore the way hath found
"*To root our* roses *from our ground.*
"*Both* flower *and* bud will he confound,
"Till King of beasts the swine be crown'd:
"And then the dog, the cat, and rat,
"Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The propriety of Dr. Warburton's note, notwithstanding what Dr. Johnson hath subjoined, is fully confirmed by this satire. HENLEY.

The persons levelled at by this rhime were the King, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in *The Complaint of Collingbourn:*

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
"A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
"The second Ratcliffe whom I named a rat,
"A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:
"Lord Lovel lurkt and lyt whom Richard would,

"Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
"Wherewith to ryme I cald the King a hog."
MALONE.

P. 29, last l. & P. 30, first l. *Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity*
The slave of nature,] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his mishapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"*He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
"*Stigmatical in making,*——"

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery:

"*Sin, death, and hell, have set their* marks *on him.*"

Only, in this first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure. WARBURTON.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece,* from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves:

"Worse than a *slavish wipe,* or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.

P. 30, l. 4. *Thou* rag *of honour!* &c.] This *word of contempt* is used again in Timon; and *also in this play:*

"These over-weening *rags* of France." STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 17. *Poor painted Queen, vain flour-ish of my fortune!*] This expression is likewise used by Massinger in *The Great Duke of Florence*. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 19. Why strew'st thou sugar on that *bottled spider*,] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant Richard's form and venom, made her liken him to a spider. JOHNSON

A critick who styles himself "Robert Heron *Esquire*" very gravely assures us that "a *bottle* spider is evidently a spider kept in a *bottle* long fasting, and of consequence the more spiteful and venomous." — May one ask if the infuriation of our *Esquire* originates from a similar cause? Has he newly escaped, like Asmodeo, from the phial of some Highland sorcerer, under whose discipline he had experienced the provocations of lenten imprisonment? — Mrs. Raffald discerns on *bottled gooseberries*, and George Falkener warns us against *bottled children*; but it was reserved for our *Esquire* (every one knows who our *Esquire* is) to discover that spiders, like ale, grow brisk from being *bottled*, and derive additional venom from being starved. — It would be the interest of every writer to wish for an opponent like the *Esquire Heron*, did not the general credit of letters oppose the production of such another critick. — So far I am from wishing the incubrations of our *Esquire* to be forgotten, that I counsel thee, gentle reader (and especially, provided thou art hypochondriac,) to peruse, and (if thou canst) re-peruse them, and finally to thank me as

purveyor of a laugh. — Every man should court a fresh onset from an adversary, who, in the act of ridiculing others, exposes himself to yet more obvious ridicule. STEEVENS.

A *bottled spider* is a large, bloated, glossy spider; supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size. The expression occurs again in Act IV:

"That *bottled spider*, that foul bunch-back'd toad." RITSON.

P. 31, l. 2.—4. Peace, *Master Marquis*, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset in 1476. PERCY.

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8. MALONE.

P. 31, l. 19. *Witness my son, now in the shade of death;*] Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewkesbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life. RITSON.

P. 31, l. 22. An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 13. *Sin, death, and hell,* &c.] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKSTONE.

Milton might as probably catch the hint from the following passage in *Latimer's Sermons*, 1584, fol. 79. "Here came in *death* and hell, sinne *was their mother*. Therefore they must have *such aninage* as their mother sinne would have *them*." HOLT WHITE.

P. 32, l. 25. 26. *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of You to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third*, he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

P. 33, l. 5. He is *frank'd* up to fatting for his pains; —] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III.:

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act IV. POPE.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-sty*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. STEEVENS.

From the manner in which the word is used in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* should seem to mean a pen in which *any* hog is *fatted*. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank?*" So also, as Mr. Bowle observes to me, in Holinshed's *Description of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096. "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or *four months*, in which time he is dyeted with otes *and peason*, and lodged on the bare planches *an uneasie* coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a *frank*," as the same gentleman observes, is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

Mr. Bowle's chief instance will sufficiently countenance my assertion: for what hogs, except those designed for *brawn*, are ever purposely lodged "on the *bare planches of an uneasy cote?*" STEVENS.

P. 33, l. 8. To pray for them that have done *scath* to us.] *Scath* is harm, mischief. STEVENS.

P. 34, l. 6. Are you now going to despatch *this thing?*] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, speaking of the murder of Gloster's nephews, makes him say,

"What though he refused, yet be sure you may,
"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing.*"

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. MALONE.

P. 34, l. 21. 22. *Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] s, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is l again in the tragedy of *Caesar and Pompey*, :

"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears." STEVENS.

35, l. 2. —— *faithful man,*] Not an in- JOHNSON.

35, l. 10. — to cross to *Burgundy;*] Clawas desirous to assist his sister Margaret the French King, who invaded her jointure- after the death of her husband, Charles f Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of

Nancy, in January 1476–7. Isabel the w
Clarence being then dead, (taken off by
administered by the Duke of Gloster, as
been conjectured,) he wished to have married
the daughter and heir of the Duke of Burg
but the match was opposed by Edward, wi
ped to have obtained her for his brother–i
Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has bee
gested as the principle cause of the breach b
Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy
ever chose a husband for herself, having n
in August 1477 Maximilian, son of the Em
Frederick. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 28. — *unvalued* jewels,] *Un*
is here used for *invaluable*. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 33. *That woo'd the slimy botto*
By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we no
to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

P. 36, l. 5. *To seek the empty, vast*
wand'ring air;]
haps we should point thus:
To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring
that is, to seek the immense vacuity. *V*
used by our author as a substantive in other

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 159
folio has *find*. MALONE.

Vasts, is *waste*, *desolate* — *vastu*
inane. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 6. *Bulk* is often used by Shal
and his contemporaries for *body*. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 22. *Fleeting* is the same as *cha*
sides. JOHNSON.

P. 36, l. 27–29 —— *a legion of foul*
— *Environ'd me*, &c.] Milton seems t
thought on this passage where he is describi

midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour*, in the 4th book of *Paradise Regain'd*. STEEVENS.

P. 37, l. 9. *O, spare my guiltless wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 16. *Sorrow break seasons*, &c.] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words, which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foreging conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brakenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 19. 20. *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour for an inward toil;] The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of Princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNSON.

P. 37. l. 21. 22. — *for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of restless cares:] They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. JOHNSON.

P. 38, l. 32. — this *holy* humour of mine.] Thus the early quarto. The folio has — this *passionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have substituted compassionate, [illegible]

sarily. *Passionate*, though not so good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently intelligible.

The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the author's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word, *'faith.* MALONE.

P. 39, l. 26. 27. *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe* him *not: he would insinuate with thee*, &c.] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the Duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEEVENS.

In *The Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conscience*, and the Devil. But though conscience were not here personified, Shakspeare would have used *him* instead of *it*. He does so in almost every page of these plays. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 31. Spoke like a *tall* fellow,] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout*, *daring*, *fearless*, and *strong*. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 33. — *costard* —] i. e. the head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"One and two rounds at his *costard*."

Hence likewise the term — *costar*-monger.

STEEVENS.

, l. 5. —— *we'll reason* ——] We'll JOHNSON.

, l. 34. *Are you* call'd *forth* from out *a world of men?*] I : may be better read: *re ye* cull'd *forth* —— JOHNSON. folio reads: 're you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men. here to the reading now in the text. STEEVENS.

, l. 2. *What lawful* quest *have given their verdict up*] *Quest est* or jury. JOHNSON.

, l. 5. *Before I be convict by course of law,*] Shakspeare has ed the current tale of his own time, in ng that Clarence was imprisoned by d, and put to death by order of his brother l, without trial or condemnation. But the , that he was tried, and found guilty by rs, and a bill of attainder was afterwards against him. According to Sir Thomas his death was *commanded* by *Edward;* but s not *assert* that the Duke of Gloster was trument. Polydore Virgil says, though he with several persons who lived at the time, er could get any certain account of the mo- hat induced Edward to put his brother to See p. 398, n. 3. MALONE.

, last but one l. *Dear* is a word of mere ment, and very frequently occurs, with at shades of meaning, in our author. STEEVENS.

2, l. 5. *O, know you, that he doth it publickly;*] The old ~ *O, know you yet* —, but we should

read — *that* instead of *yet*. In the h
would naturally have been written y
mistake, which I have corrected,
of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 11. When *gallant-pri*
Plantagene
Plantagenet; a Prince in the *spring*

This should be printed as one wor
gallant-springing. Shakspeare is
compound epithets, in which the fir
to be considered as an adverb. So,
he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-*
mortal-staring. TYRWHITT.

P. 42, l. 12. That princely *novic*
one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 20. If you *are* hir'd for
the quarto 1597 and the folio. The
reads. If you *be* hired for *need*; w
wise sense: If it be *necessity* which
to commit this murder. MALONE.

P. 42, l. 24. 25. — *your brother* (
you.] Mr. V
years ago, suggested, from the Chron
land, that the true cause of Glosier
Clarence was, that Clarence was unwi
with his brother that moiety of the
great Earl of Warwick, to which Gl
entitled on his marriage with the you
the dutchess of Clarence, Lady Anne
had been betrothed to Edward Princ
This account of the matter is fully o
a *letter*, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, whi
lately published. *Paston* Letters,
91. "Yesterday the King, the Quee
of Clarence and Gloucester, went w

ion; men say, not all in charity. The King entreateth my Lord of Clarence for my Lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my Lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelihood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say." MALONE.

P. 43, l. 25–31. These lines are not in the old edition. POPE.

They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer. JOHNSON.

P. 43, last l. I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner:

Clar. *A begging Prince what beggar pities not?*

Vil. *A begging Prince!*

Clar. *Which of you if you were a Prince's son*, &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope's note is not accurately stated. I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and save your souls.

1 *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish, &c. &c. TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that these lines have been inserted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I have regulated the text according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's instruction. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 14. *Dissemble not your hatred*, i. e. do not gloss it over. STEEVENS.

I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that *concealed hatred* which you have heretofore

cretly borne to each other. Do not mar
Edward, conceal and cover over your
will to each other by a show of love, h
cate hatred altogether from your bosoms.

P. 47, l. 12. *If I unwittingly, o*
rage,] So th
Folio — *unwillingly.* This line and th
ing hemistick are printed in the old c
one line; a mistake that has very freque
pened in the early editions of these pl
Pope, by whose licentious alterations ou
text was much corrupted, omitted the
or in my rage; in which he has been
by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 22–24. *Of you, Lord River*
Lord Grey, of
That all without desert have fro
me;] I have
the original copy in quarto. The folio a
Of you, Lord Woodville, and Lor
of you; —
The eldest son of Lord Rivers was Lor
but there was no such person as Lord W

P. 47, l. 26–29. *I do not know th*
lishman alive,
ton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has th
vation. "The poets, and some English, h
in this point so mindful of decorum, a
never more pious words in the mouth of
son, than of a tyrant. I shall not instanc
Atrnse author, wherein the King might be
versant, but one whom we well know
closet-companion of these his solitudes
Shakspeare; who introduced the person

ıe Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety nd mortification as is uttered in any passage in iis book, and sometimes to the same sense and urpose with some words in this place; *I intended*, ıith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my emies.* The like saith Richard, Act II. sc. i:

"I do not know that Englishman alive
"With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
"More than the infant that is born to-night;
"I thank my God for my humility."

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout ıe tragedy, wherein the poet used not much liınce in departing from the truth of history, which elivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affecons only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 21. *Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,*] This is ı allusion to proverbial expression which Drayın has versified in the second canto of *The Barons' Wars.* STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 3. *The forfeit,*] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 7–11. *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,* &c.] his lamentation is very tender and pathetick. he recollection of the good qualities of the dead very natural, and no less naturally does the ing endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 12. and fol. *Who sued to me for him,* &c.] This pathetick speech is founded on a slight hint in Sir Thoıas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted by olinshed in his Chronicle. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 13. — be advis'd?] i. e. deliberate, ısider what I was about to do. MALONE.

P. 50, l. 5. *Come*, Hastings, *help m*
closet.] Hasti
Lord Chamberlain to King Edward IV.

P. 50, l. 20. — *the Duchess of* Yor
cily daughter of Ralph Neville first Earl
moreland, and widow of Richard Duke
who was killed at the battle of Wakefield
She survived her husband thirty-five year
til the year 1495. MALONE.

P. 51, first l. Duch. *My pretty cousi*
Duchess is here addressing her grandchild
cousin was the term used in Shakspea
by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandf
grandchildren, &c. It seems to have b
anstead or our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*
have supplied the place of both. MALON
In the *Inquisitiones post mortem cous*
sanguineus) was always applied to th
kin. NICHOLS.

P. 51, l. 13. *Incapable* and shallow in
Incapable is *unintelligent*. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 28. Think you, my uncle
semble,] Shaksp
dissemble in the sense of acting fraudulent
ing what we do not feel or think; thoug
it means to conceal our real thoughts or

P. 52, l. 24. And liv'd by lookin
images:] The
by whom he was represented. JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 11–13. *That I, being gov*
the watry moon
May send forth plenteous tears
the world!] Th
live hereafter under the influence of th
which governs the tides, and by the he

› drown the world. The introduction of
›n is not very natural. JOHNSON.
ame thought has already occurred in *King*
V. P. I. "—— being *governed*, as the
by the moon." STEEVENS.

I. 32. 33. These babes for Clarence weep,
and so do I:
›r an Edward weep, *so do not they:*] The
re made out partly from the folio and part-
. the quarto. In the quarto these lines
us:
se babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
r an Edward weep, *and so do they.*
nd of the second line is evidently corrupt-
the Ms. from which the folio was printed,
corrected quarto copy, the two lines un-
y were right:
se babes for Clarence weep, [*and so do I;*
›r an Edward weep,] so do NOT they.
›e compositor's eye passing over two half
e passage was printed thus in the folio, in
:
se babes for Clarence weep, so do not
they.
stated this matter thus particularly, be-
›onfirms an observation that I have more
e had occasion to make in revising these
›at there is reason to suspect that many of
ulties in our author's works have arisen
omission of either single words, single
the latter half of one line with the half
ext: a solution which readers are very
›dmit, and generally consider as chime-
ne week's acquaintance with the business
›ss (without those proofs which a colla-
e quartos with each other and with the

first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentick copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence. In this note, and throughout this play, where I have spoken of *the quarto*, without any specification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earliest which I had then seen. The quarto 1597, I find, corresponds with the text. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 8. —— *to be thus opposite with heaven,*] This was the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 9. For *it requires* ——] i. e. because. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 7–9. *The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,*
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:] As this passage stands, it is the rancour of their hearts that is to be preserv'd and cherished. — But we must not attempt to amend this mistake, as it seems to proceed from the inadvertancy of Shakspeare himself. M. MASON.

Their broken *rancour* recently *splinted* and *knit*, the poet considers as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. MALONE.

P. 55, l. 11. — *from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd*] Edward the oung Prince, in his father's life time, and at his emise, kept his houshold at Ludlow, as Prince f Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodille, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's de. The intention of his being sent thither was) see justice done in the Marches; and, by the uthority of his presence, to restrain the Welshien, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, om their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. all, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

P. 55, l. 29-34. Riv. *And so in me; &c.*] his speech (as a modern editor has observed) ems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of e Duke of Gloster's party. The next speech ight be given to Stanley. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 4. To give your *censures* —] To *nsure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion.* STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 9. *As index* to the story —] i. e. eparatory — by way of prelude. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 15. Towards *Ludlow* then, —] The llo here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* ads — *London.* Few of our author's plays stand ore in need of the assistance furnished by a colion with the quartos, than that before us. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 25. — *seldom comes the better:*] A overbial saying, taken notice of in *The English urtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, b. l. 36, sign. B. "—— as the proverb sayth, sel*me come the better. Val.* that proverb indeed ancient, and for the most part true," &c. REED.

P. 57, l. 12. *That*, in his nonage, concil under him,] So the quarto. The folio reads — *Which* in his nonage. — *Which* is frequently used by our author for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect rather that one was omitted after it. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 10. You cannot *reason* almost with a man] To *reason*, is to *converse*. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 12–15. *Before the days of change, still is it so:* &c.] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage, that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See Ch. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above,

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear."
MALONE.

P. 58, l. 25–27. *Last night*, I heard, they lay at *Stony-Stratford*;
And at *Northampton* they do rest to-night:]
Thus both the folios. The quartos, as well as *the modern* editors, read:

Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night.

I have followed the folios; the historical fact being as there represented. The Prince and his company did, in their way to London, actually lie at *Stony-Stratford* one night, and were the next morning taken back by the Duke of Gloucester to *Northampton*, where they lay the following night. See [illegible] Edward V. fol. 6. See also *Remarks* &c. on the *last edition of Shakspeare* [that of 1778] p. 133. REED.

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to. — According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the Archbishop is speaking the King had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the author's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore the first copy the young King is made to sleep one night at Northampton, and the Archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is taking, the King would reach Stony-Stratford. It highly improbable that the editor of the folio ould have been apprized of the historical fact e stated; and much more likely that he made lteration for the sake of improving the metre, tless of any other circumstance. How little ended to topography appears from a precedene, in which Gloster, though in London, f sending a messenger to that town, instead llow.

either reading can the truth of history be d, and therefore we may be sure that re did not mean in this instance to adhere

to it. According to the present *reading*, the
is on the day on which the King was jour*ney*
from Northampton to Stratford; and of co*urse*
messenger's account of the Peers being seiz*ed*, &
which was on the next day after the King h
lain at Stratford, is inacc[illegible]. If the folio rea
ing be adopted, the scen[illegible]ndeed placed on t
day on which the King wa[illegible]ized; but the Arch
bishop is supposed to be ap[illegible]ized of a fact whi
before the entry of the Messenger he manifest
does not know, and which Shakspeare did not i
tend he should appear to know; namely, the Du
of Gloster's coming to Stony-Stratford the mor
ing after the King had lain there, taking him forcib
back to Northampton, and seizing the lords R
vers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the Que
herself, the person most materially interested
the welfare of her son, did not hear of the King
being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Nor
hampton till about *midnight* of the day on whic
this violence was offered him by his uncle. S
Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth bein
thus deviated from, we have a right to presum
that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean t
pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading fur
nished by the quarto was that which came fro
his pen: nor is it possible that *he* could hav
made the alteration which the folio exhibits,
being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenor
and scope of the present scene. If the Archbisho
had known that the young King was carried bac
to Northampton, he must also have known tha
the lords who accompanied him, were sent t
prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messe
ger in p. 60, "*What news?*" might have
formed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The messenger says, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1597. MALONE.

Shakspeare does not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. As historical truth therefore, which ever reading be chosen, must be violated, I am content with such an arrangement as renders the versification smoothest. Where sense cannot claim a preference, a casting vote may be safely given in favour of sound. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 20. He was the *wretch'dst* thing,] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry, pitiful*, being below expectation. JOHNSON.

Rather, the weakest, most puny, least thriving. RITSON.

P. 59, l. 27. — *if I had been remember'd*,] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 9. A *parlous* boy: —] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. STEEVENS.

It is a corruption of *perilous*, dangerous; the sense it has here. The Queen evidently means to chide him. RITSON.

P. 60, l. 13. Pitchers have ears.] Shakspeare has not quoted this proverbial saying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue* both pleasaunt and

pistifull, by William Bulleyn, 1564; that the old proverb is this: "*Small* pitchers have *great* ears." MALONE.

This proverb has already occurred in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"*Pitchers have ears*, and I have many servants." RITSON.

P. 60, l. 14. *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads — *Enter Dorset.* STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 28. Q. Eliz. *For what offence?*] This question is given to the Archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the Queen or Duchess. JOHNSON.

The question is given in the quarto to the Archbishop, (or Cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious *Lady*. The editor of the folio altered *Lady* to *Lord*; but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the Archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qu.* than that *Lady* should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of *Lord*. Compositors frequently keep the names of interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise. MALONE.

P. 60, last l. & P. 61, first l. *Insulting tyranny begins to jut*

Upon the innocent and awless throne:

Awless is not producing awe, not reverenced. *jut upon* is to *encroach*. JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 4. *Cardinal* Bourchier,] The Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Bishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in M

P. 62, l. 7. — to London, to y
London was anciently called *Cam*

This title it began to have imme
Norman conquest. See *Coke's* 4 I
it is styled *Camera Regis; Camd*
374; Ben Jonson's Account of Kin
tainment in passing to his Coronati

P. 63, l. 9. — *in good time,*] I
Fr. Stevens.

P. 64, first l. *Ceremonious* fo
traditional for adherent to old cu

P. 64, l. 2. 3. *Weigh it but*
ness *o*

Weigh it but with the grossness *of this age,*
You break not sanctuary, —.

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men now are used to admit. JOHNSON.

P. 64, l. 12. 13. *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;*
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: "— And verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 4. 5. *Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,*
As ['*twere* retail'd *to all posterity*,] And so it is: and, by that means, like most other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We should read:
—— intail'd *to all posterity*;
which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children, which it is impiety to deprive them of. WARBURTON.

Retailed may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNSON.

Retailed means handed down from one to another. — Goods *retailed*, are those which pass from one purchaser to another. — Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth act, where speaking to the Queen of her daughter, he says,
"To whom I will *retail* my conquests won."
M. MASON.

Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the *verb retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb

to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renombrer*, a Lat. renumerare;" and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 7. *So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem, proverbial line. STEEVENS.

Bright in his treatise on Melancholy, 1586. p. 52, ys "I have knowne children languishing of the lene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with avitie and wisdome, surpassing those tender year-, and their judgement carrying a marvellous nitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having ter a sorte attained that by disease, which other ive by course of yeares: whereon I take it, the roverbe ariseth, that *they be of short life who re of wit so pregnant.*" REED.

P. 65. l. 11. 12. *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,*

I moralize two meanings in one word.] y *vice*, the author means not *quality*, but a *person*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by e name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of s's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like nother Harlequin) he was to make sport in belaouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When e *Reformation* took place, the stage shook off me grossities, and encreased in refinements. The aster devil then was soon dismissed from the ne; and this buffoon was changed into a subordi-

nate fiend, whose business was to range on ear
and seduce poor mortals into that personated
cious quality, which he occasionally supporte
as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vani*
prodigality, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fier
(or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity (or Hypocri
for instance) could never hope to play his ga
to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, a
assuming a semblance quite different from his r
character; he must certainly put on a *formal* d
meanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his wor
and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *g*
nuine and *primitive intention*. If this does n
explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I c
at present suggest upon it. THEOBALD.

That the buffoon, or jester of the old Engli
farces, was called the *vice*, is certain; and th
in their *moral* representations, it was common
bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these v
have yet several remains. But that the *vice* us
to assume the personages of those sins, is a fan
of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the ma
ter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool
jester: and, (as the woman, in *The Merchant*
Venice, calls the clown, alluding to the chara
ter,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sin
were so many sad serious ones. But what misle
our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to th
vice: But it was only on account of his unhapp
tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him
and for the reason I mention, appears from a pa
sage of Jonson's *Staple of News*. And, in *Th*
Devil's an Ass, we see this old *vice*, *Iniquity*
described more et large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that th
where Richard compares himself to the

'ce, *Iniquity*, must be corrupt: and the interpolation some foolish player; the *vice*, or *iniquity*, being ıt a *formal*, but a merry, buffoon character. Beles, Shakspeare could never make an exact speakrefer to this character, because the subject he upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have) relation to it; and because it appears from the ırn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his ıuivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the ader no longer in suspence, my conjecture is, at Shakspeare wrote and pointed the lines in this anner:

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity,
I moralize: *Two meanigs in one word.*

Alluding to the mythologic learning of the anents, of whow they are all here speaking So ıat Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You ıen of morals who so much extol your all-wise ıtiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was ıt an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, ıat the Greeks themselves called their remote anquity, Διχόμυθος, or the *equivocator*. So far as) the general sense; as to that which arises partiılarly out of the corrected expression, I shall nly observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound pithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted) the character of the speaker, who thought all *isdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read or the future with a hyphen. My other observaıon is with regard to the pointing; the common eading:

I moralize two meanings——

, nonsense: but reformed in this manner, very *ensible*:

Thus like the formal wise Antiquity
I moralize: *Two meanings in one word.*

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the ancients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating.

WARBURTON.

This alteration Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

So young so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,

in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

The Prince having caught some part of the former line, asks Richard what he says, who, in order to deceive him, preserves in his reply, the latter words of the line, but substitutes other words at the beginning of it, of a different import from those he had uttered. — This is the equivocation that Gloster really made use of, though it does not correspond with his own description of it.

I moralize — two meanings *in one word.*

Word is not here taken in its literal sense, but means a *saying*, a *short sentence*, as *motto* does in Italian, and *bon-mot* in French. — So, in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says,

"Let the *word* be, *Not without mustard; thy crest is* rare. M. MASON.

From the following stage direction, in an old dramatick piece, entituled *Histriomastix*, or *The Player whipt* 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"*Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,*
"*The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal.*"

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmeston near Salisbury. I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as Archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1605: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-plaies, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden-dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to support his capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which in my apprehension carries neither conviction, nor information with it.

The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general: but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings* in one word."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's Dict. "Badin, A foole or *Vice* in a play. — Mime, A vice, foole, jester &c. in a play."] whose chief employment was to make

the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, INIQUITY, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shewn, from Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, and *The Devil's an Ass*, that *Iniquity* was *sometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note above, shews, that he was not always so.

The *formal* Vice perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible* Vice. — In *The Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 23. *Short summers lightly have a forward spring.*] *Lightly* i. e. commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

That is, short summers are usually *preceded* by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloster's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 30. my *dread* Lord;] The original of this epithet applied to Kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the King is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

P. 65, last. l. *Too late* he died,] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

P. 66, l. 20. — *grief*—] The reading of the quartos is — *gift*. The first folio reads:

And, being but a toy, which is no grief *to give.*

This reading, made a little more metrical, has

been followed, I think erroneously, by all the editors. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 29. *I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads;

I'd *weigh it lightly*,——

i. e. I could manage it though it were heavier.

WARBURTON

Dr. Warburton is right. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 7. 8. *Because that I am little, like an ape,*

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The Duke therefore in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*.

JOHNSON.

York also alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens, as it supplied the place of a porter's knot.

STEEVENS.

I do not believe that the reproach is what Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the scorn* he meant to *give his uncle*. In the third act of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says,

"To make an envious mountain on my back,
"Where sits deformity to mock my body.

M. MASON.

P. 68, first l. *Incensed* means here incited, or *suggested*. M. MASON.

P. 68, l. 5. —— *capable;*] here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. MALONE.

P. 68, l. 33. For we to-morrow hold *divided councils,*] That is, a *private consultation, separate* from the known and publick counsel. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:

"Bid him not fear the *separated* councils."

JOHNSON.

This circumstance is conformable to history. See *Hall*, p. 13. REED.

Mr. Reed has shewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our author's authority: "But the Protectoure and the Duke after that they had sent to the lord Cardinal, — the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the Protectour King." "—the lord Stanley, that was after Earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mislyked *these two several councels.*" MALONE.

P. 69, l. 29. Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham.*

STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 11. ——*the boar had rased off his helm:*] This term *rased* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a *boar.*

By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant *Gloster*, who was called the boar, or the hog,

from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 24. — *his Honour,*] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

In *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. i. the same address occurs: "All happiness to your Honour!" STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 28. —— his fears are shallow, *wanting instance:*] That is, *wanting* some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reason. JOHNSON.

Instance seems to mean, *symptom* or *prognostick*. M. MASON.

P. 70, l. 29. —— *so* fond ——] i. e. so weak, silly. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 29. —— *the holy* rood,] i. e. the cross. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 8. This sudden stab of rancour *I misdoubt;*] i. e. suspect it of danger. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 12. Come, come, *have with you.*] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something along with you*, or *I have something tosay to you*. JOHNSON.

This phrase so frequently occurs in Shakspeare, that I wonder Johnson should mistake its meaning. It signifies merely "I will go along with you;" and is an expression in use at this day. M. MASON.

P. 73, l. 15.— *for their truth,*] That is, with respect to *their honesty*. JOHNSON.

P. 74, l. 2. God *hold* it,] That is, *conceive* JOHNS

P. 74, l. 11. *Sir* was formerly the usual *addi* to the inferior clergy. MALONE.

P. 74, l. 13. I am in your debt for your *exercise*;] for your performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him i private to hear his confession. MALONE.

Exercise, I believe, means only religious exhor tation, or lecture. So, in *Othello*:

"Much castigation, *exercise* devout. STEEVEN

P. 74, l. 15. *Enter* BUCKINGHAM.] From th Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, whe the account given originally by Sir Thomas Mo is transcribed with some additions, it appears th the person who held this conversation with Has ings was sir Thomas Howard, who is introduc in the last act of this play as Earl of Surrey. MALON

P. 74, l. 19. *Shriving work* is *confession*. JOHNSO

P. 75, l. 4. GREY,] Queen Elizabeth Grey deservedly pitied for losing her two sons; but t royalty of their birth has so engrossed the atte tion of historians, that they never reckon into t number of her misfortunes the murder of this h second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is as remar able how slightly the death of our Earl Rivers always mentioned, though a man invested with su *high offices of* trust and dignity; and how mu *we dwell on* the execution of the Lord Chamb *lain Hastings*, a man in every light his inferior *truth*, the generality draw their ideas of E

rom the tragic rather than the historic au-
WALPOLE.

, l. 15. — *the limit* —] For *the limited*
MALONE.

, l. 2. — the hour of death is *expiate.*]
e is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*,
inate, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to
ully completed, and *ended*. MALONE.

not well understand the reading which Mr.
prefers, though I have left it in the text.
we should read —
— the hour of death is expirate:
ccords with Shakspeare's phraseology, and
o explanation. STEEVENS.

, l. 9. —— *the Bishop of* Ely,] Dr. John
; who was elected to that see in 1478. He
anced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and
ed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in
1500. This Prelate, Sir Thomas More
first devised the scheme of putting an end
ong contest between the houses of York
ncaster, by a marriage between Henry Earl
mond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter
ard IV. and was a principle agent in pro-
Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant
purpose. MALONE.

, l. 18. —— and *wants but nomination.*] i. e.
y thing wanting, is the appointment of a
ar day for the ceremony. STEEVENS.

, l. 22. — *inward* — i. e. intimate, confi-
STEEVENS.

, l. 16. — *you not come upon your cue.*]
pression is borrowed from the theatre. The
cue, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the
ds, which are the token for an entrance or

answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

P. 77, l. 27, 28. *I saw good strawberries in your garden there;*
I do beseech you, send for some of them.] The reason why the Bishop was despatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the British Museum:

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortem tuum
Decora fraga *plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

Nil tibi clàudster hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellum mihi,
Quo sim tibi gratus.

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 17. *Conceit* is *thought*. MALONE.

Conceit, as used by Hastings, I believe signifies —*pleasant idea* or *fancy*. So Falstaff speaking of Poins — "He a good wit? — there is no more *conceit* in him, than is in a mallet." STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 24. — *likelihood* — i. e. *semblance*; *appearance*. JOHNSON.

P. 78, l. 29, and fol. Glo. *I pray you*
me what they de
That do conspire my death &c.] Th
was originally told by Sir Thomas Mor
wrote about thirty years after the time. His
ry of King Richard III. was inserted in
Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Hol
who was Shakspeare's authority.

M. D. i. e. *Maister* John *Dolman*, the
of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *The*
for Magistrates, 1575, has thrown the sam
cumstances into verse.

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at
council, and from him Sir Thomas More,
was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his
formation. Polydore Virgil, who began his his
in 1505, tells the story differently. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 14—16. Glo. *If! thou Protecto*
this damned strump
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? &c.] For
rcumstance see *Holinshed, Hall,* and *The*
r for Magistrates. FARMER.

P. 79, l. 18. *Lovel*

back from the execution, bringing th
Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, tha
old quarto, no names are mentioned in
speech. He only says — "*some* see it dc
in that edition, does *Lovel* appear in
scene; but only *Catesby*, bringing the hea
ings. The confusion seems to have ari
it was thought necessary, that *Catesby*
employed *to fetch* the Mayor, who, in t
is made to come without having been se
some other person was then wanted to
head of Hastings, the poet, or the players
ed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, w
flecting that the latter was engaged in an
vice on the same day at Pomfret. TYRW

I have adopted the emendation, becau
scene at least it prevents the glaring ir
mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfo
as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this ve
priety is found in the next scene, wher
is introduced, and where it cannot be
without taking greater liberties than p
justifiable. For there, in consequence o
dicious alteration made, I think, by th
instead of — "Here comes the Mayor,"
ing of the quarto, we find in the folio

Rich. But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Buck. He is, and see he brings t
along.

Catesby being thus employed, he ca
in the head of Hastings; nor can that of
signed to *Lovel* only; because Gloster i
mentions *two* persons:

Be patient, they are friends; *Ra*
Lovel. MALONE

P. 79, l. 27, 28. Three times to-day my *foot-cloth* horse did *stumble*,] To in *stumble* was anciently esteem'd a bad omen. So, *The Honest Lawyer*. "And just at the threshold Master Bromley *stumbled*. Signs! signs!"

The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 7. *Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks*,] So, Horace: *Nescius aurae fallacis*. JOHNSON.

P. 80, l. 17. — *lead me to the block*,] William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII, in the first year of his reign. — The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 18. *They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead*.] i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 22. *Enter* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour*,] Thus Holinshed: "The Protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe with the Duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring brigandens, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constreined them." STEEVENS.

P. 81, first l. *Intending* — i. e. pretend
ST

P. 81, l. 27. — the plainest *harmless't*
ture,] The old cop
harmless; but grammar requires harmless'
harmlessest) a common contraction, as I an
ed, both in Leicestershire and Warwickshi
afterwards, we have cover'*st* for covert*est*.
ST

P. 82, l. 2. — *conversation* — i. e. f
intercourse. The phrase — *criminal conver*
is yet in daily use. MALONE.

P. 83, l. 19. — how Edward put to d
citizen,] This nen
one Walker, a substantial citizen and groce
Crown in Cheapside. GREY.

P. 85, l. 31 — last l. — *when that my*
went with chil
Whatever reason W. Wyrcester might have fo
so very particular, he expressly tells us t
dward was *conceived in the chamber next*
chapel of the Palace of Hatfield. York
gent of France at that time, and had come
it would seem, to visit his lady. RITSON.

P. 84, l. 9. *Baynard's* castle;] It was or
ly built by Baynard, a nobleman who (acc
to Stowe's account) came in with the conq
This edifice which stood in Thames Street
long been pulled down, though part of its
foundations are still visible at low water.
site of it is now a timber-yard. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 16. —— *to doctor Shaw.* —] Th
the fourth following lines are not in the c
Shaw and Penker were two popular preach
It was formerly customary to publish th
creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross.

ard now employed Dr. Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great Earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Dr. Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE.

P. 84. l. 18. ——friar *Penker*;—] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 23. *To draw the brats of* Clarence *out of sight*;] Edward Earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sherif hutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the last Princess of the house of Lancaster; who was created by King Henry VIII. Countess of Salisbury, and in the 31st year of his reign, (1540) at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary King then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII.

The immediate cause of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand King of Spain was unwilling to consent to the marriage of his daughter Katharine to Arthur Prince of Wales, while the Earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no assurance of the Prince's succession to the crown.

The murder of the Earl of Warwick (for it *deserves no other* name) made such an impression *on Katherine*, that when she was first informed of

Henry the Eighth's intention to repudiate h
exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it
judgement of GOD, for my former marri
made in blood." MALONE.

P. 84, l. 24. ——*no manner* of *perso*
The folio reads — no manner person, w
nonsense. I suppose the true reading is —
or person; as in the latter term females are
ed. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 5. *The precedent* —] The
draft from which the engrossment was ma

M

P. 85, l. 13. — seen in *thought*.] That
in silence, without notice or detection. JOH

P. 85, l. 16. Baynard's *castle*. A
Thames-street, which had belonged to
Duke of York, and at this time was the p
of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE

P. 85, l. 24. *Lady Lucy*,] The King ha
familiar with this lady before his marri
obstruct which his mother alledged a prec
between them: "Whereupon, says the hi
dame Elizabeth Lucye was sente for, and
she was by the Kyng hys mother, and man
put in good comfort to affirme that she wa
ed to the Kynge, yet when she was sol

been made by the Dutchess dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyatt, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the Bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

P. 85, l. 28. 29. — *his own bastardy*, —

As being got, your father then in France;] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the Earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the Duke of Glocester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard *should have* urged such a topick to the people; *that he should* "start doubts concerning his own *legitimacy*," which was too much connected with

them,

As I can say nay to thee *for myself*,] think it must be read:

—— *if you plead as well for them*
As I must say, nay *to* them *for myself*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (says Richard) *you speak for them as plausibly as I my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 9. — a lewd *day-bed*,] i. e. a couch or sopha. STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 13. — to *engross* — i. e. to fatten; pamper. JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 18. May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!] This p*ud courtly* Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother *Dr. Shaw*, whom Richard had employed to

his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. MALONE.

P. 89, l. 3. 4. *Enter* GLOSTER, *in a gallery, above, between two Bishops.*] "At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a Bishop on every hande of hym, where thei beneth might see hym and speake to hym, as though he wolde not yet come nere theim, til he wist what they meant," &c. *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So also Holinshed after him. The words "*with a Bishop on every hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, not being found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* folio 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. MALONE.

P. 89, l. 11. True ornaments *to know a holy man.*—] i. e. to know a holy man *by.* MALONE.

P. 90, l. 9. *Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants.*] Shakespeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root." MALONE.

P. 90, l. 10. 11. And almost *shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf*

Of dark forgetfulness &c.] What it is to be *shoulder'd in a gulph,* Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known: for the rest let it pass without observation. He reads:

Almost shoulder'd into th' *swallowing gulph.*

I believe we should read:

And almost smoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,

That *is,* almost *smotherd,* covered and lost. JOHNSON.

I suppose the old reading to be the true one. *Shoulder'd* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*. STEEVENS.

Shoulder'd is, I believe; the true reading; — not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed *up to the shoulders*. MALONE.

P. 90, l. 12. To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 15. (*And much I need to help you, if need were*;)] And I *want much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 24 — the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial,] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." MALONE.

P. 91, l. 31. *Bona, sister to the King of France.*] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the Duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 32. *These both put by, a poor petitioner*, &c.] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. MALONE.

P. 92, l. 2. — *loath'd bigamy*:] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holing-

hed: "—the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, hough she were in all other things convenient for on, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to restraine ou from her marriage, sith it is an unfitting thing, nd a verie blemish and high disparagement to the acred majestie of a Prince, (that ought as nigh to pproach priesthood in cleanness, as he doth in ignity) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first arriage." MALONE.

P. 92, l. 6—8. *More bitterly could I expostulate. Save that,* for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.] The uke here hints at a topick which he had touched pon in his address to the citizens, the pretended astardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some a-ive," is meant the Dutchess of York, the mother of dward and Richard. MALONE.

P. 92, l. 29.—*remorse*, i. e. pity. See our uthor, *passim.* STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 4. To this act should, perhaps, be ad-ed the next scene, so will the coronation pass etween the acts; and there will not only be a pro-er interval of action, but the conclusion will be ore forcible. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 11. Anne *Duchess of* Gloster,] We ave not seen this lady since the second scene of he first act, in which she promised to meet Rich-rd at Crosby-place. She was married about he year 1472. MALONE.

P. 94, l. 14—16. —— *My niece Plantagenet Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster.*?] here is a manifest intimation, that the Dutchess of loster leads in somebody in her hand; but there no direction marked in any of the copies, from hich we can learn who it is. I have ventured to ess it must be Clarence's young daughter. The

old Dutchess of York calls her *niece*, i. daughter; as grand-children are frequer *nephews*. THEOBALD.

So, in *Othello*, *nephews* for *grand* — you'll have your daughter cover'd w bary horse, you'll have your *nephews* you." MALONE.

P. 95, l. 22. —— *I may not leave it* is, *I may not so resign my office*, whi fer to take on you at your peril. JOHN

P. 96, l. 24. The *cockatrice* is a serp sed to originate from a cock's egg. STE

P. 96, l. 29-31. *O, would to God, inclusive verg*

Of golden metal, that must roun
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to

She seems to allude to the ancient m nishing a regicide, or any other egregiou viz. by placing a crown of iron, heat upon his head.

In some of the monkish accounts of future torment, *a burning crown* is like priated to those who deprived any lawf of his kingdom. STEVENS.

John the son of Vaivode Stephen havi ed the army of Hungarian peasants, cal does, in 1514, caused their general, "cal to be stript naked, upon whose head th ner set a crown of hot burning iron." *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, is the fact to which Goldsmith alludes:

„*Luke's iron crown*, and Damien's b

Though it was *George*, and not his br *who was so* punished: but George's *suit the poet's* metre. The Earl of *was executed* on Account of the murd

King of Scots, was, previous to his death, "crowned with a hot iron." See Holinshed. RITSON.

P. 97, l. 23–25. *For never yet one hour in his bed*
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Vergil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

P. 98, l. 7. *Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,*] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard Duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 8. *And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of* teen.] *Teen* is sorrow. STEEVENS.

"Short pleasure, long lament," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 14. Rude ragged *nurse!* old sullen *play-fellow*] To call the Tower *nurse* and *play-fellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

The last line of this speech,

So foolish sorrow bids your stones *farewell,*

proves that the whole of it is addressed to the Tower, and apologizes for the absurdity of that address, by attributing it to sorrow. M. MASON.

P. 98, l. 16. Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

P. 98, l. 5. *To play the touch in to represent the touchstone.* STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 32. *The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. STEEVENS.

P. 99, last l. — *unrespective* boys;] *Unrespective* is inattentive to consequences, inconsiderate. STEEVENS.

Unrespective is, devoid of cautious and prudential consideration. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 7. —— *close exploit* ——] In secret act. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 18. —— *witty* ——] In this place signifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify *a man of fancy*, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgement*. STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 24. 25. *How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?*

Stan. *Know, my loving Lord,*] Surely, we should adopt Sir Thomas Hanmer's regulation, and give the passage thus:

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news? My lord, &c.

Are the omitted words — *know* and *loving*, of so much value, that measure must continue to be sacrificed for their preservation? STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 31. *I will take order for her keeping close.*] i. e. I will take measures that shall oblige her to keep close. STEEVENS.

P. 101, first l. *The boy is foolish.*] Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was, at this time, I believe, about ten years old,

and we are not told by any historian th
then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Be
fined by Henry VII. immediately after the l
Bosworth, and his education being cons
entirely neglected, he is described by P.
Vergil at the time of his death (in 1499)
idiot; and his account (which was copied b
and Holinshed) was certainly a sufficient aut
for Shakspeare's representation. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 5. — *it stands me much upon*,
is of the utmost consequence to my designs.
STEEV

P. 101, l. 15. *Is thy name — Tyrrel?*]
seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of
fidelity in "marking the places of action, both
neral and particular, and supplying scenical di
ions") throughout this scene, has left King R
rd *on his throne*; whereas he might have le
om a passage in Sir John Harrington's *M*
orphosis of Ajax, 1596, that the Monarch
ared, during the present interview with Ty
an elevation of much less dignity.

'or Richard's me

Third, married one of the daughters and
of Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford.
Duke of Gloster's nephew, Henry Earl of
(the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of L
ter, the fourth son of Edward the Third,
was afterwards King Henry IV. married the
daughter of the Earl of Hereford. The mo
the Hereford estate, which had been possess
that King, was seized on by Edward IV. as
devolved to the crown, on its being tran
from the house of Lancaster to that of York.
ry Stafford Duke of Buckingham was lineall
cended from Thomas Duke of Gloster, hi
daughter Anne having married Edmund E
Stafford, and Henry being the great grand
Edmund and Anne. In this right he and
cestors had possessed one half of the Herefo
tate; and he claimed and *actually obtained*
Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the
tution of the other half, which had been sei
by Edward; and also the earldom of Her
and the office of Constable of England, whi
long been annexed by inheritance to that ear
See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168;
Many of our historians however ascribe the
between him and Richard to Richard's refus
restore the moiety of the Hereford estate;
Shakspeare has followed them.

Thomas Duke of Gloster was created E
Hereford in 1386 by King Richard the II. on
ground the Duke of Buckingham had some p
sions to claim a new grant of the *title*; bu
respect to the moiety of the estate, he had
shadow of right to it; for supposing that
volved to Edward IV. with the crown, it
after the murder of his sons, the joint pre

his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs to King Henry IV. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 26. From hence to the words, [P. 103, l. 24.] *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein* —— have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

The allusions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. JOHNSON.

These allusions, I trust, have been sufficiently accounted for in the *Dissertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 28. — *I being by,*] The Duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. Our author seldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 16. —*let it strike.*] This seems to have been a proverbial sentence. So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to. 1593: "*Let the clock strike*: I have lost more hours, and lose nothing if I find equity." MALONE.

P. 103, l. 18–20. *Because that*, like a Jack,
thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.]
An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. [Vol. II. p. 659. edit. 1710.] Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not *suspend the* stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, *that the hour may* be past, and himself be at liberty *to pursue his* meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet.

In *Lantern and Candle-light* or *The Bell-man's Second Night-walk*, &c. by Dekar, is a passage "of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a somewhat different explanation of the word — *strike*. "There is another fraternitie of wandring pilgrims, who merrily call themselves *Jackes of the Clock-house*. The *jacke of a clock-house* goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but *strike*: so does this noise (for they walke up and down like fidlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *striking*." STEEVENS.

A Jack with such a figure as Chapman hath described, was for many years exhibited, as a sign, at the door of a White-Smith's shop in the narrowest part of the Strand. HENLEY.

These automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-house, because *Jack* in our author's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices.

MALONE.

P. 103, last but one l. To *Brecknock*,] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Duke of Buckingham's estate lay. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 13–19. — *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd
each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;]

These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murther of Edward V.* &c. in *The Golden Garland of Princely*

Delight. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690.

It must be owned, however that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 20. *The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;*] In Sheriff Hutton castle, Yorkshire; where he remained 'till the coming of Henry VII. who immediately after the battle of Bosworth sent him to the Tower, and some few years after, most treacherously and barbarously put him to death; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant, that he could not, according to *Hall*, discern a goose from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet. RITSON.

P. 105, l. 22. *His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage,*] To Sir Richard Pole, Knt. This lady at seventy years of age, without any legal process, and for no crime but her relation to the crown, was beheaded in the Tower by that sanguinary tyrant Henry VIII. Her son, Lord Montagne, had been put to death a few years before, in the same manner, and for the same crime; and the famous Cardinal Pole, another of her children, only escaped the fate of his mother and brother, by keeping out of the butcher's reach. RITSON.

P. 105, l. 26. — the *Bretagne Richmond.* —] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the *battle of Tewksbury* he had taken refuge in the *court of Francis* II. Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of King Edward IV. he was kept

" —— *That forehead*
" *Where should be branded, if that r*
were right. — JOHNSO

In the third scene of the first act Margaret reproached with the murder of young Rutland, the death of her husband and son were impu to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked " So just is God to right the innocent." Marg now perhaps means to say, The right of mé, injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbu has now operated as powerfully as that right, wh the death of Rutland gave you to divine just and has destroyed your children in their turn.

MALO

P. 107, l. 21. *When didst thou sleep, wi*
such a deed was don

That is, When, before the present occasion, d *thou* ever sleep during the commission of such *action?* Thus the only authentick copies now *tant;* the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. *editor* of the second folio changed *When to*

which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. MALONE.

I have admitted this reading, though I am not quite certain of its authenticity. The reply of Margaret might have been designed as an interrogatory echo to the last words of the Queen. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 6. —— *seniory,*] For *seniority.* JOHNSON.

The word in the quarto is *signorie*, in the folio *signeury*, and it has been printed *signiory* in the late editions: but as in general modern spelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode should be adhered to in this particular instance. In *The Comedy of Errors*, *senior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are — "We'll draw cuts for the *signior.*" The substantive in the text is evidently formed by our author from hence. MALONE.

P. 108, l. 29. *Carnal*, in the present instance, may signify *carnivorous*, though in *Hamlet* it is used for *slaughterous*:

"Of *carnal*, bloody, and unnatural acts." STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 31. *Pew-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box.* JOHNSON.

Pew-fellow is a word yet in use. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 109, l. 4. *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

P. 109, l. 8. *The* adulterate Hastings,] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

The adulterer *Hastings*,—— WARBURTON.

Adulterate is right. We say *metals* are *adulterate*; and *adulterate* sometimes means the same as *adulterer*. In either sense, on this occasion, the epithet will suit. Hastings was *adulterate*, as Margaret has try'd his friendship and found it faultless; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:

"— that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast."

STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 14. *Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,*] This imperfect line is not injudiciously completed by some former editor:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; *saints pray*,

To have &c. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 26. *The flattering index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb shows, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 29. 30. — *a garish flag,*

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;] *Alluding* to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 5. *Decline all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 28. *Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;*] *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear;* the meaning being, — Sleep not at night, and fast during the day. The quarto reads — to sleep the *nights*, and fast the *days*. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 33. *Bettering thy loss* makes *the bad-causer worse;*] We must either read this line thus: —

Bettering thy loss, *make* the bad-causer worse,

which I believe to be the true reading, or include it in a parenthesis. M. MASON.

P. 111, l. 6. *Airy succeeders of* intestate *joys,*] As I cannot understand the reading of the folio — *intestine,* I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:

Airy succeeders of intestate *joys:*

i. e. words, turn'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery. MALONE.

P. 111, l. 27. — *that ow'd that crown,*] i. e. that possessed it. STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 16. — *a touch of* your *condition,*] A *spice* or *particle* of your *temper* or disposition. JOHNSON.

P. 112, l. 32. *Tetchy* — is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill-temper'd. KITSON.

P. 113, l. 5. 6. *What comfortable hour canst thou name,*
That ever grac'd *me in thy company?*] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 7-9. — — *Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace*
To breakfast once, forth of my company.] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Duchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summoned his mother to breakfast.

So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, *Houre*, is at hand."

Shakspeare might indeed by this strange phrase (*Humphrey Hour*) have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of *Duke Humphrey*.

The common cant phrase of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, I have never yet heard satisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a satirical pamphlet called *The Guls Horn-booke*, 1609, written by the T. Deckar, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the aisles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk*; in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter.

See likewise *Foure* letters and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592:

"—— to seeke his dinner in Poules with Duke

Again, in *The Return of the Knight of the ost*, &c. by Nash, 1606: "—— in the end comm- g into Poules, to behold the old *Duke and his tests*," &c.

Again, in *A wonderful, strange, and mira- lous Prognostication, for this Year*, &c. 91, by Nash: "—— sundry fellowes in their kes shall be appointed to keepe *Duke Humfrye* mpany in Poules, because they know not where get their dinners abroad."

If it be objected that *Duke Humphrey* was bu- d at St. Albans, let it likewise be remember'd at cenotaphs were not uncommon. STEEVENS.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, 1598, that *Sir hn Bewcampe*, son to Guy, and brother to homas, Earls of Warwick, who dyed in 1358, d "a faire monument" on the south side of the dy of St. Paul's church. "He," says Stowe, is by ignorant people misnamed to be *Humphrey uke of Gloster*, who lyeth honourably buried Saint Albans, twentie miles from London: And erefore such as merily professe themselues to rue Duke Humphrey in Powles, are to bee pu- shed here, and sent to Saint Albons, there be punished againe, for theyr absence from eyr maister, as they call him." RITSON.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was eant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a nilar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) d *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hewes*) the person dressed. MALONE.

P. 113, l. 31. Shame serves thy life,] To *ve is to accompany*, servants being near the *ons of their* masters. JOHNSON.

P. 114, first l. and fol. *K. Rich.* dam, &c.] logue 'tis not necessary to bestow anue part of it is ridiculous, and the whole

P. 114, l. 18. —— she is *of royal* folio reads — she is *a royal Princess.*

P. 114, l. 25. *Lo*, at their birth we should read — *No*, at their birth

P. 114, l. 29. — *unavoided* — i. e.

P. 115, l. 4. 5. *Whose hands so their tender*

Thy head, all indirectly, gave This is a jingle in which Shakspeare pe more delight than his readers. STEEV

P. 115, l. 6. 7. — the murderou dull and blun

Till it was *whetted on thy heart*,] T seems also to have been a great favo author. We meet with it more than

P. 115, l. 9. —— still *use* —] i. use. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 28. *The high imperial t earth's glory*, exhibition, show, display. JOHNSON.

I think it means *emblem*, one of its fications. — By the imperial *type* of g ard means a *crown*. M. MASON.

The canopy placed over a pulpit is by architects a *type*. It is, I appr similar sense that the word is here

P. 115, l. 30. 31. — *what state, what dignity, what honour,*

Canst thou demise *to any child of mine?*] *demise* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to deve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

The constant language of leases is, "*demised*, anted, and to farm let." But I believe the word used by no poet but Shakspeare. For *demise*, e reading of the quarto, and first folio, the edir of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *dise*. MALONE.

P. 116, last l. & P. 117, l. 1. 2. — *as sometime Margaret*

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief;] Here is another reference to the plays of *Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 19. — *she cannot choose but have thee,*] Old copy — *hate* thee. The sense seems to require that we should read:

——*but* love *thee*,

ironically. TYRWHITT.

As this is evidently spoken ironically, I agree with Tyrwhitt, that the present reading is corrupt, but should rather amend it by reading "*have* you," than "*love* you;" as the word *have* is more likely to have been mistaken for *hate*, the traces of the letters being nearly the same.

M. MASON.

As this conjecture is, in my opinion, at once fortunate and judicious, I have placed it in the text. A somewhat corresponding error had happened in *Coriolanus*, last speech of scene iv. Act IV. where *have* was apparently given instead of *hate*. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 20. Having bought love, with such a bloody *spoil.*] *Spoil* is waste, havock. JOHNSON.

P. 117, last but one l. *Endur'd* of *her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakspeare's age was frequently used for *by.* MALONE.

P. 117, last but one l. — *for whom you bid Like sorrow.*] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide.* JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 17–20. *The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,*
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, *with interest* &c.] The folio — *love.* My easy emendation will convince every reader that *love* and *lone* are made out of one another only by a letter turned upside down. *The tears that you have* lent *to your afflictions, shall be turn'd into gems; and requite you by way of* interest, &c. THEOBALD.

How often the letters u and n are confounded in these copies, has been shewn in various places. MALONE.

P. 118, l. 31. *To whom I will* retail *my conquest won,*] To *retail* (as Mr. M. Mason has observed in a note on Act III. sc. i.) is to hand down from one to another. Richard, in the present instance, means to say he will *transmit* the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth. STEVENS.

P. 119, l. 10. — *the King's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus xviii. 14. GREY.

P. 121, first l. *Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,*] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without *any* force, and would read:

Which now too *tender*, &c. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 12. — *in that nest of spicery, they shall breed* &c.] Alluding to the Phoenix. STEEVENS.

P. 122, last l. K. Rich. *Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:* — &c.] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 16. *What heir of York is there alive, but we?*] i. e. What son of Richard Duke of York? RITSON.

Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward Earl of Warwick, the only son of the Usurper's elder brother, George Duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV, and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

The issue of King Edward had been pronounced *illegitimate*, the Duke of Clarence *attainted of high-treason*, — and the usurper declared "the *undoubted heir of Richard Duke of York*," — by *act of parliament*: so that, as far as such a proceeding can alter the constitution, and legalize usurpation and murder, he is perfectly correct and unanswerable. RITSON.

P. 125, last l. — more *competitors*—] That is, more opponents. JOHNSON.

Competitors do not here mean opponents, but *associates*. See a note on this subject in The

Two Gentlemen of Verona, where Si
speaking of Valentine, says,

"Myself in counsel his *competitor*.
That is, his *associate*. M. MASON.

P. 126, last l. & P. 127, first l.—he,
ing them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course
Bretagne.] H
der, Earl of Richmond, the eldest son o
of Hadham Earl of Richmond, (who
brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret
daughter of John the first Duke of Som
was grandson to John of Gaunt Duke of
was carried by his uncle Jasper Earl of
immediately after the battle of Tewk
Britany, where he was kept in a kind o
able custody by the Duke of Bretagne,
he remained till the year 1484, when
his escape and fled for protection to t
court. Being considered at that time as
blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancas
looked up to him even in the life-tim
Edward IV. who was extremely jealou
and after Richard *usurped* the throne,
more confidence supported Richmond's c
claim of Henry Duke of Buckingham w
respects inferior to that of Richmond; f
descended by his mother from Edmund
Duke of Somerset, the younger brothe
John; by his father from Thomas Duke
the younger brother of John of Gaunt:
ever priority the Earl of Richmond m
by his mother, he could not plead any t
his father, who in fact had no Lanca
whatsoever: nor was his maternal tit

rest kind, for John the first Earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 11, 12. — *That the Earl of Richmond*

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,] The Earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

MALONE.

P. 127, l. 13. *Is colder news, but yet* they *must be told.*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 15. — while we *reason* here,] i. e. while we *talk* here. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 23. The person, who is called *Sir Christopher* here, and who has been styled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the Countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent of England.

THEOBALD.

This Christopher Urswick was afterwards Almoner to King Henry VII. and retired to Hackney where he died in 1521. On his tomb, still to be

seen in that church, it is said "Ad exteros reges undecies pro patria Legatus; Deconatum Eboracensem, Archidia conatum Richmundie, Decanatum Windesoriae, habitos vivens reliquit. Episcopatum Norwicensem oblatum recusavit. — Weever, who has printed this inscription, concludes his eulogium thus: "here let him rest as an example for all our great Prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate." REED.

Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes; and says, it was a title sold by the Pope's legates, &c. that his Holiness might be on the same footing with the King. STEEVENS.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Welford says to Sir Roger, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your *art's master*." —— "I am but a *bachelor of art*, Sir," replies Sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how Sir Roger could possibly have *bought* his *title* of the Pope's nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, besides his pigges *in posse*." FARMER.

The title of *Sir* is still appropriated to Bachelors of arts in the University of Dublin, and the word *Bachelor* evidently derived from the French *bas Chevalier*, that is, a lower Kind of Knight.— This accounts for the title of *Sir* being given to Bachelors. M. MASON.

P. 128, l. 23. Buck. *Will not King Richard let me speak with him?*]

The reason why the Duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the King, is explained in *King Henry VIII.* Act I.

"—— I would have play'd
"The part my father meant to act upon

"The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
"Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
"As he made semblance of his duty, would
"Have put his knife into him." STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 11. 12. This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is *the determin'd respite of my wrongs*,] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respited*.

Wrongs in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. JOHNSON.

P. 129, l. 24. This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgement or caprice of the first editors. JOHNSON.

P. 129, l. 29. OXFORD,] John de Vere Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the Earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth. MALONE.

P. 129, l. 29. *Sir* James BLUNT,] He had been *Captain of the* Castle of Hames, and assisted the *Earl of Oxford* in his escape. MALONE.

P. 130, l. 6–9. *The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,*
That spoil'd *your summer fields, and fruitful vines,*
Swills *your warm blood like wash, and* makes *his trough* &c.] This sudden change from the past time to the present and *vice versa*, is common in Shakspeare. So in the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece* "The same night he treacherously *stealeth* into her chamber, violently *ravished* her," &c.

MALONE.

P. 130, l. 11. *In your embowell'd bosoms,* *Embowell'd* is exenterated; ripped up: alluding perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, *drawn*, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered. JOHNSON.

Drawn, in the sentence pronounced upon traitors only, signifies to be *drawn by the heels on a hurdle* from the prison to the place of execution. So, Dr. Johnson has properly expounded it in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. So, Holinshed in the year 1569, and Stowe's *Chronicle* edit. 1614, p. 162, 171, 418, 763, 766. Sometimes our historians use a colloquial inaccuracy of expression in writing, hanged, *drawn*, and quarter'd; but they often express it — *drawn*, hanged, and quartered; and sometimes they add — bowelled, or his bowels taken out, which would be tautology, if the same thing was implied in the word *drawn*. TOLLET.

Drawn in the sense of embowelled, is never used but in speaking of a fowl. It is true, em*bowelling* is also part of the sentence in

reason, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging*. BLACKSTONE.

P. 130, l. 18. *Every man's conscience is a thousand swords*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes.*" BLACKSTONE.

P. 130, l. 28. *True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,*] Drayton calls joy,

"——the *swallow-winged* joy." STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 16. K. Rich. *Up with my tent: Here will I lie to night;*] Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent in the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 22-25. Nor. *Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.*

K. Rich. *Why, our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise. MALONE.

P. 131, last l. Call for some men of *sound direction*: —] True judgement; tried military skill. JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 3-5. *Enter, on the other side of the field,* RICHMOND, *Sir* William BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other lords.*] The direction in the folio, is — "Enter Richmond and Sir William *Brandon, Oxford* and *Dorset.*" In the quarto only, "*Enter* Richmond, with the lordes." This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alter-

ns in the folio edition of this play were made
the players; and not by Shakspeare; for Shak-
are had been informed by Holinshed that *Dor-*
was not at the battle of Bosworth; Richmond
fore his leaving Paris having borrowed a sum
money from the French King, Charles the
ighth, and having left the Marquis of Dorset and
ir John Bouchier as hostages for the payment.
MALONE.

P. 132, l. 12. *Give me some ink and paper*
in my tent; — &c.] I
have placed these lines as they stand in the first
editions: the rest place them three speeches be-
fore, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you*
shall bear my standard; interrupting what there
follows; *The Earl of Pembroke, &c.* I think
them more naturally introduced here, when he is
retiring to his tent and considering what he has to
do that night. POPE.

I have followed the folio, which, of this play,
is by far the most correct copy. I do not find
myself much influenced by Mr. Pope's remark.
STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 14. *Limit* ——] i. e. appoint.
STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 19. — *keeps* his regiment; —] i. e.
remains with it. Thus we say of a person con-
fined by illness — he *keeps* his chamber, or hi
bed. STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 30. — *make some good means* ——
i. e. adopt some convenient measure. STEEVENS

P. 135, l. 12. 13. *It's supper time, my Lor*
It's nine o'clock.] So the folio. The qua
reads — It is six of the clock; full supper t
MA

I think, we ought to read — six instead o

A supper at so late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy.

STEEVENS.

P. 133, last but one l. — Give me a *watch*:] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the King's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel. JOHNSON.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the King concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

The word *give* shows, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle*. MALONE.

P. 134, first l. *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*—] &c. in *Holinshed's* Chronicle (copied from Hall's, Sig. *l. iiii. b.*) "Then he (inuironed with his gard)

with a frowning countenance [and cruell visage,] mounted on a great *white courser*, and followed with his footmen," &c. p. 754. STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 2. *Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. *Hall* informs us, that at the justs in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of King Henry VIII. with the King of Fraunce, that "a gentleman called Anthony Bowrchier came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in fight x speres, that is to wyt, iii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii speres upwarde, and under his left arme was one spere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 5. *K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the *melancholy* Lord Northumberland?] Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth Earle of Northumberland," says Holinshed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the Earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsayle." MALONE.

P. 154, l. 8. *Cock-shut time*,] i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 304. "a *Cockshut* is said to be a net to *catch* woodcocks; and as the time of taking them *in this manner* is in the twilight, either after sunset or before its rising; cock-shut light may very

properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionarium Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. It is the custom of the woodcock to lie close all day, and towards evening he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his *shoot* or *shot*. So, the ballast of a ship is said to *shoot*, when it runs from one side to the other. This etymology gives us, perhaps, the original signification of the word, without any recourse for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination from the time of the day, or from the occasion on which it was used; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-shot*. Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 110, calls a stone which naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-shot* for the devil to run through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the resemblance of the hole in the stone to the meshes of a net. TOLLET.

I must support my interpretation against Mr. Tollet. He in part admits, and then proceeds to overthrow it. And I will support it by the very instance Mr. Steevens adduced in his favour. The ballast of a ship may be said to *shoot*; as we now say, to *shoot* coals, or corn out of a sack; but it was never yet said that a woodcock *shoots*, when he takes his evening flight. *Cocke-shoote*, in the passage Mr. Steevens cites, is certainly a substantive, and the accusative case after the verb *watch*, which is confirmed by what follows, *or a limed bush*. And when the *cockshut* net is fixed, a person always stands by to watch and manage it. A similar expression is in Hall's Satires:

"*To watch a sinking coc*
shore ——.

The passage from Hall is misquot
des to Fishing and says ——

"Or watch a sinking *corke* upo
Edit. 1602, *Virgidemiarum*, Lib.

That *cockshut time* meant *twili*
tained by Minsheu's Dictionary,
latter word. MALONE.

Ogilby, in his *Paraphrase of A*
4to. 1651. p. 6. introduces this expr
which perhaps strengthens Mr. T
that *cockshoot* was taken from th
woodcock. He makes the pine boa

"— when loud winds make *co*
the wood,
"Rending down mighty okes,
stood."

Here, I apprehend, Ogilby me
hurricanes which, by blowing down
glades or partial openings in the wo

P. 134, l. 29. — *by attorney*, —
tion. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 5. — *mortal-staring*
the old copies. I suppose, by *m*
war is meant — *war that looks b*
fatally on its victims. STEEVENS.

I suspect the poet wrote — morta

I adhere to the old reading. S
and Cleopatra, Enobarbus says o
is issuing out to battle —

"Now, he'll out-stare the lig

P. 135, l. 7. *With best advantage will deceive the time,*] I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 9–11. But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, *thy brother tender George*
Be executed in his father's sight.] So Holinshed after Hall: "When the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his familie, and to recreate and refreshe his spirits, as he openly said, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readinesse to join the Earle of Richmonde at his first arrival in Englande,) the King in no wise would suffer him to depart before he had left as an hostage in the court, George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir." —

"The Lord Stanley lodged in the same town, [Stafford] and hearing that the Earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his, — to avoid all suspicion, being afraide least if he should be seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the Earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battayle, that King Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482.

MALONE.

P. 135, l. 12. 13. — *The leisure and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however

harsh it may seem, *I would do this, if* leisure *would permit*, where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of* leisure. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 29. Put in their hands thy *bruising irons of wrath*,] The allusion is to the ancient mace. HENLEY.

P. 136, l. 4. *The* Ghost *of Prince* Edward, &c.] The account given by Polydore Vergil, which was copied by Hall and Holinshed, is as follows: "The fame went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and terrible dream; for it seemed to him being aslepe that he saw *diverse ymages lyke terrible devilles* which pulled and haled him, not sufferying him to take any quiet or reste. The which straung vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning his *wonderfull vysion*, and fearfull dreame." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Polydore Vergil, as I have already observed, began to write his history about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 23. *Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be King*,] The prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth*. JOHNSON.

P. 136, l. 24. *Doth* comfort thee in thy sleep
Live, and flourish
Surely we should read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer

Doth comfort thee in sleep; Live thou *and flourish!* STEEVENS.

P. 136, last l. *I, that was wash'd to death with* fulsome *wine.*] *Fulsome*, was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmsey*. MALONE.

If Clarence had been choaked by this wine, he might fairly enough have employed the epithet *fulsome* in its vulgar and accepted sense. — Shakspeare, however, seems to have forgot himself. The Duke (as appears from Act I. sc. ult.) was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be *washed to death*. STEEVENS.

P. 137, l. 3. *And* fall *thy edgeless sword;*] *Fall*, in the present instance, is a verb active, signifying *to drop*, or *let* fall. STEEVENS.

P. 138, l. 15. *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Hölinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done by the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always readie to strike againe. *He took ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearfull dreames; suddainely some-time start up, leapt out of bed*, and ran about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually

tost and tumbled with the tedious im
stormy remembrances of his abominal
With such a companion well migh
that she never *slept one quiet hour.*

P. 139, l. 2. *I died for hope,*
lend thee a
died for wishing well to you. But M
with great sagacity, conjectured *ho*
which give the line this fine sense,
giving thee aid before I could give

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
I died forsook, ——
and supports his conjecture, as follov
"This, as appears from history,
of the Duke of Buckingham: that
with his army upon the banks of Se
deluges of rain, he was deserted by
who, being in great distress, half
want of victuals, and destitute of pa
themselves and fled."

Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation i
sible; but may not the meaning of th
be, *I died for only having* hoped
that assistance, which I never h
power to afford you in reality?

It may, however, be observed, t
for, when joined to a verb, had anc
gative signification, So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— He shall live a man *forbid*

As to *bid* was to pray, so to *fo*
meaning directly opposite, i. e. to *cu*
rony and Cleopatra, to forspeak
against. In *Hamlet*, and Th
Night's Dream, to fordo is the

to *do*. *Holpen* or *holp* is the old participle passive of *help*, and is used in *Macbeth*:

"——his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
holp him
"To his home before us."

Instead of *for hope*, we may therefore read *forholpe*, which would mean *unaided, abandon'd, deserted, unhelp'd*, which was the real misfortune of the Duke of Buckingham. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read:

I died *fore-done*, &c.

So, in *Hamlet*, Act V.

"*Fore-do* its own life." TYRWHITT.

P. 139, l. 9. K. Rich. *Give me another horse*, &c.] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

P. 139, l. 13. *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was some *spirit* in it because it burnt so *blue*; for my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*, there was some ill *spirit* in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," says Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguished." The *takers* are the spirits who blast, or *take*. So, in *King Lear*:

"strike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameness!" STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 5–7. *Methought, the*
that I had

Came to my tent; &c.] Thes
with so little propriety at the end o
that I cannot but suspect them to l
Where then shall be inserted? Perha
words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON

I agree with Johnson in supposing
the two following lines have been mi
I differ from him with respect to th
ation. — The place, in my opinio
they might be introduced with the m
is just ten lines further on, after the

Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —
Methought, &c.

And then Ratcliff's reply,

Nay, good my Lord, be n
shadows,

would be natural; whereas as the te
gulated, Ratcliff bids him not be afrai
without knowing that he had beer
them; unless we suppose that the ide
is included in what Richard calls
dream. M. MASON.

Either the two and twenty inter
are not Shakspeare's, or are so unwe
that it were to be wished they con
priety be degraded to the margin.
Dr. Johnson, who thought the sul
misplaced, did not perceive that the
with the preceding part of the spee
trembling flesh, was interrupted
apparent interpolation, which is in
gree childish and unnatural. Ri

I rather suppose these lines (though genuine) to have been crossed out of the stage manuscript by Shakspeare himself, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor of his play.

Burbage, the first performer of Richard, might, for obvious reasons, have requested their dismission; or the poet discovering how awkwardly they stood, might, "without a prompter," have discarded them. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 32. *One that made means*] To *make means* was, in Shakspeare's time, often used in an unfavourable sense, and signified — *to come at any thing by indirect practices.* STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 1. 2. *A base foul stone, made precious by the* foil
Of England's chair, *where he is falsely* set;] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. STEEVENS.

England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is used equivocally. MALONE.

P. 142, l. 13. —— *quit* ——] i. e. requite. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 17. 18. — *the* ransom *of my bold attempt*
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 23. *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barber*, or the huge giant *Barbaroso*, the burlesque is heightened, when, with much solemnity, and as if a real heroic encounter had been going forward, he cries out, "*Saint George!* set on before, march squire and page." Act III. sc. i. And afterwards, when the engagement begins, *Ralph* says, "*St. George* for me:" and *Barbaroso*, "*Garagántua* for me." T. WARTON.

P. 143, l. 8. He should have *brav'd the east*] i. e. made it splendid. STEEVENS.

P. 143, l. 27. 28. *My foreward shall be drawn*
out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot; &c.] So Holinshed: "King Richard havyng all things in a readiness went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in aray: first *the forward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of footemen*, — and to the foremost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse for them that came after; and ower this John Duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the King with a mighty sort of men." MALONE.

P. 144, l. 4. *This, and saint George to boot!*] *That is*, this is the order of our battle, which

promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*. HAWKINS.

Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So, in *King Richard II:*

"Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive.*"

The old English-phrase was, *Saint George to borrow.* MALONE.

P. 144, l. 11. K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.] *Diccon* is the ancient vulgar familiarization of *Richard.* In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam. In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 15–21. *Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;* &c.] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

P. 144, l. 24. *A* sort *of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,*] A *sort*, that is, *company*, a *collection.* JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 29–31. *You having lands, and blest'd with beauteous wives,*

They would restrain *the one*, &c.] i. e. they would lay *restrictions* on the possession of your lands; impose conditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To distrain," says he, "is *to seize upon;*" but to distrain is not to seize

generally, but to seize goods, cattle, &c. fo
payment of rent, or for the purpose of enf
the process of courts. The *restrictions* lik
be imposed by a conquering enemy on land
imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute co
tion. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 32. 33. And who doth lead
but a paltry fellow
Long kept in Bretagne at our m
cost?] This is spo
Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond: bu
were far from having any *common* mothe
England: and the Earl of Richmond was n
sisted abroad at the nation's public charge.
the greatest part of his residence abroad, l
watched and restrained almost like a captive
subsisted by supplies conveyed from the C
of Richmond, his mother. It seems pr
therefore, that we must read:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother*

THE

Our *mother's cost?*] Mr. Theobald p
to be wrong: he reads therefore, and all th
tors after him:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother*

But give me leave to transcribe a few m
nes from Holinshed, and you will find a
that Shakspeare had been there before me:

"You see further, how a companie of t
theeves, outlaws and runagates be aiders an
takers of this feate and enterprize. — And t
with the Erle of Richmond, captaine of t
bellion, he is a Welch milksop — brought
my mother's meanes and mine, like a ca
a close cage in the court of Francis Duk
taine." p. 756.

Holinshed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler, Hall, edit. 1548. fol. 54. but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother;* as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. FARMER.

See a letter of King Richard III. persuading his subjects to resist Henry Tydder, &c. in Sir John Fenn's collection of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 518. HENLEY.

Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the Duke of Britaine, and supported there by Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr Theobald justly observed that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was led into this errour by Holinshed, where he found the preceding passage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient historians, invented, and exhibited as having been spoken by the King to his soldiers before the battle of Bosworth.

If, says a Remarker, [Mr. Ritson,] *it ought to be so in Shakspeare*, why stop at this correction, and why not in *King Henry V.* print *praecarissimus* instead of *praeclarissimus*? And indeed if *brother* is to be substituted for *mother* here, there can be no reason why all other similar errors should not be corrected in like manner. But the Remarker misunderstood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean — as it is in the original, and *as Shakspeare ought to have written.* Dr. Farmer did not say — "as it ought to be *printed* in Shakspeare."

In all the other places where Shakspeare has *been led into* errours by mistakes of the press, or *by false translations*, his text has been very [illegible]

perly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an editor to new-write his author's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. i. we have — "Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the sense of the passage in Plutarch there copied is, — that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Caesar*, Antony is still permitted to say, that Caesar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* side Tyber," though it ought to be — "on *that* side Tyber;" both which mistakes Shakspeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *King Henry V. praeclarissimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakspeare, instead of *praecarissimus;* and in the same play I have followed our author in printing Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the person meant: an errour into which he was led, as in the present instance, by a mistake of the press.

For all such inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely that Holinshed and not Hall, was the historian that Shakspeare followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the *Dissertation on the plays of King Henry VI.* where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long-agitated question, and to shew that those plays were re-written by Shakspeare, and not his original composition.

Malone.

P. 145, l. 21. *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!*—] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 28. — *the enemy is pass'd the marsh;*] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry pass'd it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use. MALONE.

P. 146, l. 11. *Daring* an *opposite to every danger;*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Daring and *opposite to every danger.*

TYRWHITT.

The old reading is perhaps right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers, for *adversary.*

The sense then should seem to be, that King Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat.* MALONE.

To dare a single opposite to every danger, is no very wonderful exploit.—I should therefore adopt Tyrwhitt's amendment, which infers that he flew to oppose every danger, wherever it was to be found, and read with him, "*and* opposite."

M. MASON.

P. 146, l. 23. 24. *I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;*

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—] *Shakspeare* had employed this incident with hitherto

rical propriety in the first Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Vergil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment. MALONE.

P. 146, last l. *A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*] Some inquiry hath been made for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakspeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a passage in the poems of Bishop Corbet; who introduced his host at Bosworth describing the battle:

"But when he would have said King Richard died,
"And call'd *a horse, a horse,* he Burbage cried." FARMER.

P. 147, l. 11. From the *dead temples of this bloody wretch*] It is not necessary to suppose that Richmond points to the *dead* body of Richard, when he speaks of him. According to an ancient idiom in our language, the *denominative* pronoun is often used instead of the *prepositive* article. STEEVENS.

P. 1

. 147, l. 30. — *as we have ta'en the sacrament,*] So, in Holinshed, 45: "The Earle himselfe first tooke a corporall on his honor, promising that incontinent after should be possessed of the crowne and dignitie he realme of England, he would be conjoined natrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter King Edward de fourth." STEEVENS.

. 148, l. 6–10. *All* this *divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided, in their dire division. —
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!]
ink the passage will be somewhat improved slight alteration:

All that *divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
them *unite all that* York and Lancaster di-d. JOHNSON.

148, l. 14. *Abate* the edge of traitors,] To *e*, is to lower, depress, subdue. STEEVENS.

. 148, l. 15. — *reduce* —] i. e. bring back; bsolete sense of the word. STEEVENS.

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his is one of the most celebrated of our au-'s performances; yet I know not whether it not happened to him as to others, to be ed *most*, when praise is not most deserved. this play has scenes noble in themselves, and well contrived to strike in the exhibition.

of that age, and the great number of editio
passed through, I suspect it was more often r
sented and more admired than any of our aut
tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some me
arose from the detestation in which Richard's
racter was justly held, which must have ope
more strongly on those whose grand-fathers
have lived near his time; and from its beinj
tronized by the Queen on the throne, who
ably was not a little pleased at seeing King I
VII. placed in the only favourable light in
he could have been exhibited on the scene. MA

I most cordially join with Dr Johnson an
Malone in their opinions; and yet perhaps
have overlooked one cause of the success o
tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, b
all others variegated, and consequently favo
to a judicious performer. It comprehends, in

audience would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's Dream, his subsequent expostulation with the murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the Scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the gross terms thrown out by the Duchess of York on Richard, the repeated progress to execution, the superfluous train of spectres, and other undramatick incumbrances, which must have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from rising into their present effect and consequence? — The expulsion of langour therefore must atone for such remaining want of probability as is inseparable from an historical drama into which the events of fourteen years are irregularly compressed.

STEEVENS.

The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. He most probably means Shakspeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews how early Shakspeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596,

that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—— or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried — *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than — *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*"

STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1585; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of *King Richard III.* (Mss. *Harl.* n. 6926, has the author's name, — Henry Lacey, and is dated — 1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward *the Fourthe*, with the smotheringe of the two *princes* in the Tower, with the lamentable endn *of Shore's* wife, and the contention of the two *houses of Lancaster and Yorke.*" This could not

have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The showe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion, in MS. Harl, 2412. STEEVENS.

The English *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be presumed, had been exhibited some years before, was probably written by the author of *The Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster.* MALONE.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *Vice.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had settled upon letters what the rage of barbarism

had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of *all* ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes:* by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life:* as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire;* which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 5 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit très hautement son personage; & dura le dit Jeu —— Et autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, *qui estoit* Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: le*quel fut* presque mort en pendent, car le cuer li *faillit*, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en *Voye*. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tres-bien faite

car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer & isser; & avoit deux gross Culs d'Acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations Archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71. says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with greath gang teet, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who had frequent allusions to these things) in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for *a little vinegar*, (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar*. * For after the spunge with the gall and

* This is not in Shakspeare's play, but in the old play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

vinegar had been employed in the representation they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of — *Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheered his hogs.* For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of *the ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus a libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.* *

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaueness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the King, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge *against them* were, that the representation of the

* Civ. D. l. iv.

Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escriverse en prosa como en verso*; *) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His words are *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas aporyfas, y mal entendidas; attribueyendo a un santo los milagros de otro;* † which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return:

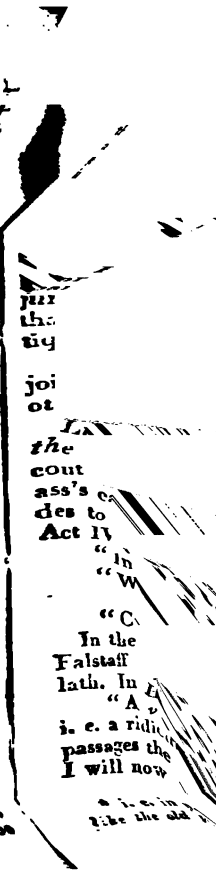
Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them: the public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obstiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obstiné* —

* B. iv. c. 20. † Ibid. 21.

ion Divine — Simonie — Hypocrisie — Ob-
merites — Communes. The *Homme*
the atheist, and comes in blaspheming,
termined to persist in his impities. *The*
ion Divine appears, sitting on a throne in
and menacing the atheist with punishment.
his scene, *Simonie Hypocrisie*, and *De-*
-Communes appear and play their parts.
lusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches
, upbraides them with their crimes, and
, draws them all to repentance, all but
nme Obstine, who persists in his impiety,
destroyed for an example: To this sad
subject they added, though in a separate
itation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*,
h there was *un Paysan* [the *Clown*] under
ne of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool.*] But we,
rowed all these delicacies from the French,
l the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together: So
Paysan or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or
ot a place in our serious *moralities:* Whose
we may understand in the frequent allu-
nr Shakspeare makes to them: as in that
ech in the beginning of the third act of
e for Measure, where we have this ob-
assage:

——merely thou art *Death's Fool*,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to
shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still."

in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece,
r to show the inevitable approaches of
(another of the *Dramatis Personae*) is
employ all his stratagems to avoid him;
as the matter is ordered, bring the Fool,
turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So



that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"So *Portent*-like I would o'er-rule his state,
"That he should be my *Fool*, and I his *Fate*."
Act IV. sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy;* while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*. WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

Like the old Vice.] The allusion here * is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

"In a trice, like to the old Vice; ——
"Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
"Cries, ah, ah! to the Devil."

In the second part of *King Henry IV*. Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

"A *vice* of Kings:"

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seemed

* i. e. in p. 5 of Mr. Upton's book, where the words — *like the old Vice* — occur. MALONE.

to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The iniquity was often the *Vice* in our moralities; and is introduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass:* and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv.

"Being no vitious person, but the *Vice*
"About the town,
"Acts *old Iniquity*, and in the fit
"Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit."

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil "to lend him a *Vice:*"

"*Satan.* What *Vice?*
"What kind would thou have it of?
"*Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*,
"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
"Or old *Iniquity:* I'll call him hither."

Thus the passage should be ordered:

"*Pug.* Why any: *Fraud*,
"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
"Or old *Iniquity*.
"*Pug*, I'll call him hither."
"*Enter* Iniquity *the Vice.*
"*Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *Vice?*
"Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

"*Mirth.* How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
"*Expectation.* Which is he?
"*Mirth.* Three or four; *old Covetousness*, the sordid *Penny*-Boy, the Money-*Bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.
"*Tattle.* But here is never a Fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dag-

ger! I'd not give a rush for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets.

"*Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in *The Alchymist*, Act I. sc. iii.

"*Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with
a *Vice.*" *

Some places of Shakspeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the first part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. where Hal humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *The reverend* Vice, *that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *King Richard III.* Act III.

"Thus like the formal Vice, *Iniquity*,
"I moralize two meanings in one word."

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage,

"Thus like formal-wise *antiquity*,
"I moralize: Two meanings in one word."

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice;* which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil: and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *King Henry*

* —— *a puppet, with a* vice.] Mr. Upton has misinterpreted *this passage.* A *vice* in the present instance means a *device, clock-work.* Coryat, p. 254, speaks of a picture whose eyes were moved by a vice. FARMER.

V. Act IV. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play: every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when threfore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out, *swear;* Hamlet speaks to it as the *Vice* does to the Devil: *Ah, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself:

"The spirit that I have seen
"May be the devil."

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρύπανον, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds, ver. 447. explains, τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοις πράγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΤΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice:* if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice is either* a quality personalized, as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Aeschylus; Sin and Death in Milton; and indeed Vice itself is a person, B. XI. 517:

"And took *his* image whom they serv'd, a
brutish *Vice*."

his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image; the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays; but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so saucy. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned criticks, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*.

JOHNSON.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

FEB 2 8 1939